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THE MOONLIGHT RING;
OR,
THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THREATENED DANGER—THE THUNDER STORM—THE FEMALE SPY—THE HUNCHBACK—THE FLIGHT.

"Latour!" suddenly ejaculated Lucy, "by the glitter in your eye, there is mischief in your soul. Stay; speak to me!"

The creole stopped until he had been overtaken by his young mistress.

"What, Latour," she inquired, "what is this passion in your heart?"

The face of the creole flushed; his breathing came thick and heavy; while his stout frame quivered with the rage he with difficulty repressed.

"I'll reply for you," proceeded Lucy, after a pause. "You are thus excited because Bernard has returned, and you hoped to have seen him no more."

Latour responded by an eager, convulsive acquiescence.

"My friend, so faithful and so loving, banish this passion from your breast. Above revenge is suffering sanctified by silence."

"Suffering," whispered Latour, "such as you experience; you who—

"There is another world," murmured Lucy, clasping her hands, and gazing up at the even-star newly throned in the pale sky, "another world, where all trouble shall cease, and all wrongs shall be made right."

By this time they had issued out of the wood into the lawn stretching in front of the Grange. From almost every window a red light diffused itself, an evident proof that the Countess of Walsoken had not neglected her opportunities, and that the old mansion had been effectually ransacked and prepared since the morning.

"Your ladyship must pardon my seeming neglect," commenced Lucy, as soon as she entered the house. "I have been renewing acquaintance with old pensioner acquaintances whom I have not seen since my dear mother's death."

"Oh! my cheild!" returned the portly countess, "you are so good! Jackson has your dress out in your boudoir. Dinner will be served at half-past eight. Will that be too early?"

"I have but little appetite," replied the young girl, as Jackson, descending, took the cloak of her mistress.

"I fear that the long journey may have fatigued your ladyship."

The countess quickly repudiated the bare idea, and then proceeded to the housekeeper's, where she almost overwhelmed Mrs. Francis with inquiries, remonstrances and instructions. In the comparative solitude of her own chamber, Lucy Marsden, for the first time since the unexpected appearance of Bernard, surrendered herself to reflection. She felt that she was rapidly nearing that point when she could endure no more. She saw in her inner mind that the whole future of her young life was an utter and entire blank—that she was the helpless victim of an iron fate. Yet, coincident with this feeling, was a determination to fulfil that last injunction of her dying mother, whose presence seemed to haunt the house in which she dwelt.

"Dear me, miss, you look very ill!" unexpectedly declared Jackson.

"Do you like the Grange?" asked Lucy, in an endeavor to change the conversation.

"Well, miss—em, I think only so—so. I never did like the country. It is so terribly monotonous. I suppose we shall have parties, miss?"

Anything, even the loquacity of her maid, was to Lucy a welcome interruption to her train of thought.

"The country is very pleasant, Jackson; but you, you see, are town bred. Time will soon develop its beauty."

"I—em—I don't think as I shall be able to stay, miss. I shall be very sorry to leave you, I am sure; but—"

"Go on, Jackson."

"Well, miss, Mr. Chapman has heard such queer stories about the house! Folks about here, miss, say that it is haunted!"

"And if it were, should we be afraid, Jackson?"

"Lor', miss! the bare idea of such a thing is enough to destroy one's nerves! I declare, miss, if I was to see a ghost, I believe I should vanish right away into nothing! Wouldn't you?"

"No!" replied Lucy; "I should feel no fear!"

"Bless me! did you ever see one, miss?" inquired Jackson, still busying herself about her young mistress.

"Never." Lucy smiled.

"Miss Minkin says that if it wasn't for Mr. Chapman, she wouldn't have come down, if she'd known. And, dear me! there was a person we met in the wood—"

Lucy was anxious.

"A curious, humpbacked sort of man."

"Why," said Lucy, "there is no one deformed on the estate."

"With such strange hair and eyes! and he came to us, glaring like a wampire! Miss Minkin turned that faint I could hardly get her back, miss. And then this man made such a horrible noise, that we both ran away as hard as ever we could, till we got here, when Miss Minkin was obliged to take a little brandy, miss, a thing she has done often, by the advice of her medical man."

Lucy was puzzled. Who could this stranger be? Soon afterwards she descended to the dinner table, where the countess had been for some time expecting her. As she entered the apartment, she, for a moment, recoiled with the horror of a remembrance. It seemed but yesterday that her mother was seated in the same chair which the countess now occupied, on the evening preceding her death. The contrast struck Lucy to the soul; she, however, speedily recovered herself, and took her place at the table. Latour was behind her, as he had ever been beside her mother, surrounding her with affectionate offices. The countess was in one of her most sunny moods.

"My dear cheild, you want society; that terrible affair of the wretched captain has had a fearful effect upon your nerves. Thank Heaven! we shall never see the cool, swindling wretch again!"

Lucy, perforce, breathed a slight sigh, as she remembered he was scarcely pistol shot away.

"But we'll soon infuse life into the old place," proceeded the countess. "You will have, you see, the advantage of my connexion, which is so aristocratic and so extensive. We'll have the carriage out to-morrow, and make a few calls on the neighbors. It is indispensable that we should oil the wheels of life, else they would grow rusty—positively rusty!" repeated the countess, delighted with her observation.

"For the present," interposed Lucy, "I should be glad of retirement. The fatigue and excitement of the last few months demand some interval of repose."

"Of course, yes!" replied the accommodating but still-somewhat-disappointed countess.

"But my solitude," recommenced Lucy, "need by no means interfere with your enjoyment. There are too many families in the vicinity who will only too eagerly welcome your arrival in their somewhat desolate neighborhood."

"But my cheild will not always be a hermit?"

Lucy shook her head. It should be stated, in justice to the countess, that her appetite by no means failed her under any circumstances. She appeared heedless of Lucy's abstinence, but tasted and enjoyed of every dish before her. Lucy's thoughts were away, resting on the sudden advent of Bernard. The countess, unmindful, however, of the abstraction of her companion, eat and talked on—of her wide connexion, of her powerful influence, of her past grandeur, and of her disappointed expectations. Latour, on the contrary, watched narrowly the changing face of his young mistress, and noted each wave of feeling which found expression on its surface. The dinner, which to Lucy had been little other than an idle ceremony, being removed, a simple dessert and wine were placed upon the table, but which were as untasted by Lucy as the repast which had preceded their appearance. The countess, however, hailed the advent of the vinous fluid with a twinkle in her eye, which showed her satisfaction unmistakably. So frequent were her libations, indeed, that her ladyship insensibly became drowsy; and after one or two ineffectual efforts to combat her inclination, she leaned back in her easy chair, and, after a few preliminary nods, floated into the land of dreams. All around was silence. Lucy, in that surrounding of intense quiet, gazed into the leaping fire, as odd fancies and strange memories of the old time flitted through her wearied, over-wrought brain. The hour—the stillness—was an incentive to reflection. In this rapid race of life, wherein each competitor, by force, or even fraud, strives to outrun his rivals, there are certain pauses, wherein every pulse is stopped, and in which clear pictures of the past merge themselves into visions of a future. Lucy Marsden was steeped in a trance like this. With her, the picture of the past was her own childish self in the tangled beauty of the tropic land. Her laugh, as in the bygone years it rose clear and ringing from her joyous soul, sounded, with all its piping melody now upon her ear. With her the vision of the future was the face of Athol Clement. How close—how clutching—how slowly lingering was this young girl's love for the artist, she, and the sweet Heaven who made her, might alone reveal. Her soul was mated to his soul—her heart was twined with his heart—as rivers merge in each, making music midst the sedges as they ripple to the sea. Was she a woman? Had she thought, feeling and affection? All of these she had intensified; and yet, poor girl! her waving tresses must never enchain his hand; her eyes must never look their passion into his; her lips must never murmur "husband," as her pulsing frame found its resting place in his open, welcoming arms. Like a hot needle in her nerves shot the arrow of her pain. Not the countess asleep she saw; only the chair in which she slumbered—the chair in which her mother sat when her lips invoked a cherished blessing on her child. Remembering this, a holy calm descended, as though pitying angels from the plains of Paradise had breathed upon her earth-born mind. Above all worldly passion there arose the presence of duty—a duty to the dead—a duty she must fulfil. And by that inner consciousness—which all possess—she knew, though she had heard nothing—seen nothing—that the eyes of another were intent upon her form—the eyes of Antony Latour.

"Mistress," said the creole, "the household are at rest, and you must need repose. The clock has chimed ten."

The strange voice roused the countess from her slumber.

"My cheild!" she said, drowsily. "Dear! what's that?"

It was a low growl of remote thunder—nothing more.

"'Tis a storm rising 'midst the Cheviots," replied Latour.

"And I really am so nervous! Dear, dear! what shall I do? My organization is so delicate that—"

"Perhaps," said Lucy, "you had better retire. Your ladyship must be wearied with your travel."

"Miss Minkin is waiting for your ladyship," suggested Latour.

The countess struggled vainly to repress a most undoubted yawn. Lucy rose.

"We will go to rest, then," she said. "I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I, too, am fatigued; sleep will revive us all."

Miss Minkin, only too anxious for rest herself, brought in the waxlights in the candlesticks of silver. The countess, with an effort, expedited by a repeat of the thunder growl, rose from the comfortable embrace of her chair, and prepared to depart.

"Good night, my cheild!" she cried, with a kiss. "We must have the phaeton on the morrow, and drive through the charming country. Good night!"

The countess retired. Lucy, preparing to follow, left the room, Latour closely in her wake. Latour, outside the door, took up the spotted skin of a large leopard. Jackson was waiting her mistress outside the corridor.

"Latour?" exclaimed Lucy, inquiringly.

A blue steak of livid lightning at that instant descending, illumined the long passage from end to end. The dark visage of the creole showed almost phosphorescent in its momentary glare.

"To-night," he replied in a husky voice, "outside the chamber of Lucy Marsden, sleeps her slave, Latour."

"Any why?"

No answer.

"And why?" repeated Lucy.

"Do not ask me, mistress."

Once more the vivid stream of lightning—the storm coming nearer and nearer.

"And why?" again demanded Lucy.

"Mistress!" said the creole, closing his eyes, and speaking in a liquid monotone; "because this night there is danger—because this night you will need my service."

"Latour!" ejaculated Lucy, recoiling.

"Doom not, mistress dear to me as the red drop of my heart,—doom not that my senses wander, or that my brain's ablaze. There is danger; you will need me; and I must be by your side."

"Whence shall it come?"

"I know not; but come it will!"

"But why?"

"Ask me not, for I am dumb to a reply, and I cannot tell; but I have knowledge, and I know that there is peril."

"You can at least——"

"Question me no farther. How the seed bursts its tiny shell; how it pierces the stubborn earth; how the twig becomes a tree, and buds of beauty burst through its leaves of green, we know not. But we plant the seed, dear mistress, and in heaven's good time we pluck the flower; so I know that sure as that massive thunder rolls through the fleecy clouds, that to you this night there is danger, and that your friend, your servant, your slave—what you will—must be where that danger is to guard it from your head."

The manner of Latour was so earnest, the solemnity of an approaching storm was so awe-inspiring, that Lucy, preventing further question, passed up the corridor, and, followed by Jackson, proceeded to her room. Lucy speedily dismissed her maid, and dressed as she was, flung herself upon her couch. Throughout the huge mansion the passage of the wind along the old corridors was the only sound that could be distinguished, save the increasing growl of the thunder as the storm approached nearer and nearer. Lucy Marsden closed her eyes to shut out the lurid flashes of the angry lightning. Presently came the low patter of the rain drops, as the wind bore them against the window-panes. The fall of the rain was the signal for the storm's increase. The wild wind whistled amidst the leafy branches of the spreading trees, and sang mad chorus with the falling rain and floating thunder. Outside was perfect enclosing darkness, varied only by the angry lightning flash. The tempest was at its height. Great heaven! what is it?

Lucy Marsden starts up from her reclining posture, and shudderinz, recoils. Amidst the rage of the storm, clear, distinct, three low taps at the window. A flash of intense lightning descends at the moment, and Lucy discerns the shadow of a hand on the blind. Simultaneously with this discovery she hears Latour rousing himself in the corridor without. Lucy, drawing the blind, flung the window wide open. The storm, beating in directly, extinguished the lights upon her dressing-table. All without was darkness. Clambering the wall of her mansion was a strong growth of ivy, which, having flourished through long centuries, had developed to giant proportions.

Peering through the black night, Lucy fancied she could distinguish amidst this monster growth a female form. Came then a vivid lightning flash, which suffused the air as with fire. Then, close beneath her, Lucy recognised the storm-drenched form and upturned face of Gabrielle. It seemed as though the young girl, having reached the goal, had fainted, but still convulsively clung to the ivy growth. Lucy clasped her hands in despair. Had the danger come?

Lucy remembered the presence of Latour, flew to the door, and, dashing it open, dragged the creole to the window. Latour grasped one of the long curtains, and stepped out into the tempest. He planted his foot firmly on one of the stout branches, and gently stooping down, clasped Gabrielle underneath her arms, and, by a union of tact and form, managed to drag her into the room. The exertion aroused the young Frenchwoman.

"The time?" she said—"the time?"

Quickly closing the window, and shutting out the storm, Latour lit the candles once again.

"'Tis a few minutes past eleven," he replied.

Rapidly and clearly, Gabrielle then related the events of the evening—the conversation she had overheard—the horrible, strange man she saw, and the danger in which Lucy stood. The one most unmoved was Lucy Marsden herself; for to her death appeared a welcome refuge; in his embrace there was no terror.

"Mistress," said Latour, "denounce these men. Shall they escape from human justice? Shall evil go unpunished?"

"No," replied Lucy; "their deeds will not be unpunished, though I denounce them not."

"Mistress," continued Latour, "would you sacrifice life that they might live? Mistress——"

"Stay, Latour," spoke Lucy. "I have contended long against fate—I yield to it. Their project shall be fulfilled. Latour, in the midst of the storm—at this hour;—I fly! Better the workroom and the garret in peace, than wealth and splendor with a torment in the soul!"

"You fly?"

"At once; there is yet time. I shall reach the railway station, and, by to-morrow, shall be in London."

"I accompany you."

"No, Latour. I charge you, stay here. What I shall do, I know not; but here, at least, I must have one faithful friend! I will write to you, Latour. The secret with which this man controls my life will never by his lips be divulged, I am sure of that. With that assurance I am content, and I depart."

"I shall know where you are?" asked Latour.

"Certainly; you shall know by a letter that I will address under cover to Gabrielle. To her former address in Gerrard street I shall at once go."

So resolved was Lucy, that Latour speedily saw that all remonstrance would be useless. Lucy had dressed herself during these few last words, and had placed three or four rings of great value on her fingers. She then pointed to Gabrielle, who, utterly exhausted, was stretched full length upon the floor.

"I will take care," replied Latour.

Noiselessly, Lucy Marsden, after affectionately imprinting a kiss on the fair girl's brow, passed along the corridors, undismayed by the lightning, unshrinking from the thunder into the rain and the tempest. Every turn in the woods was familiar to her. As she passed over Bickley Bridge, she gazed for one moment on the tall Grange she had left behind; then into the swollen waterfall, which had robbed her of a mother's love. Then swiftly she hurried on to the station. Covering her face with the thick folds of her veil, she approached the ticket office. The mail train was expected momentarily.

"First-class, London?" said the sleepy station-master. "Yes, miss; 2l. 8s. 6d. Thank you!"

The train drew up to the platform, and the guard showed Lucy into a carriage. The guard had whistled the signal of departure. A man rushed in breathless to the station, and placed some money and a written paper before the clerk.

"Second class, London, 1l. 4s. 2d. All right; just in time; jump in."

Thus it was that, unknown to Lucy, there rode behind her to London the unflinching instrument of her bitterest enemy, the deaf and deformed Long-shore Dick.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MORNING AFTER THE FLIGHT—THE ALARMED HOUSEHOLD—A COUNTESS'S MAKE UP—BERNARD AT THE GRANGE AGAIN—THE COUNTESS'S DEPARTURE.

The storm had passed away; there was a freshness in the air of the morning, the birds carrolled sweetly on the dew-bespangled trees. Without, all was calm and cheerful; within, all was amazement and despair. Jackson, as usual, went to awake her young mistress, and was consequently the earliest to discover her absence. The bed had, too evidently, never been slept in. So excited was Miss Minkin at learning the intelligence, that nothing but the prompt administration of her favorite medicament prevented her "going off." Miss Minkin straightway aroused Chapman—Chapman aroused the servants; and then, thinking of nothing else to do under the circumstances, rang the alarm-bell. The household was directly in a state of frantic commotion. The last to be disturbed was the Countess herself. In truth, she had been somewhat fatigued; the storm of the previous night had affected her nerves, so that for some time after retiring to rest she had been in a state of semi-wakefulness. In her secret soul she was indulging in blissful visions of certain methods of disposing of the wealth which seemed now under her control. This half-slumber was succeeded, as the morning advanced, by a heavy sleep. From this she was startled by the cry of Miss Minkin.

"Heavens, Minkin!" cried the drowsy Countess, "whatever is the reason you burst into my room in this way?"

"Oh! my lady!" replied Minkin—"oh, my lady!"

Here Miss Minkin stopped. Her throat appeared so hot and parched that she could not utter another syllable.

"Minkin," proceeded the indignant Countess, "I smell your breath. Minkin, you've been drinking!"

"*Me*, my lady!" bounced out the maid. "If nobody drunk no more than me, the government wouldn't get enough duty to pay for sealing-wax and paper. Me take spirits! I never touch the beastly stuff, except when I'm forced to it by the orders of my meddicle man."

"I don't think, Minkin, then, that you could have felt yourself very well this morning, for your breath has a most unpleasant flavor. Really, Minkin, I can't tolerate such a thing for a moment."

"I can take a month's warning and go," my lady, retaliated the lady, perking up. "I shall not require a character, as it's my intention to settle down; for, really' there are such goings on—Miss Marsden is off, my lady——"

"What?" cried the Countess, awake in an instant.

"Gone off, nobody knows where—last night, I suppose."

"Gone?" screamed the Countess, once more.

"Gone!" reiterated the maid. "Don't your leddyship hear the alarm-bell?"

The bell was clanging through the house loud enough to awaken the dead.

"Minkin," gasped the Countess, "I don't feel very well myself."

Minkin thoroughly understood the hint, and poured out a most respectable quantity of *eau de Cologne* into a wine glass for the benefit of her mistress.

"Minkin," continued the Countess, "I'll dress at once."

But to dress, with the Countess of Walsoken, was a business which required time. She made it a point never to be seen in deshabille; and to accomplish all that she considered necessary for her toilet, was a task requiring something very like artistic skill for its proper exercise. She could, with truth, say that she wore her own natural hair—but, alas! age had so robbed her flowing tresses, that she was but scantily supplied with that indispensable requisite of female beauty. This defect was remedied by the introduction of minute curls, which, being introduced amongst the feeble remnant of her former locks, gave them that amplitude which, without such an artificial aid, would have been remarkable only for its absence. Delicate washes, too, were applied by Minkin to her skin, to make it "beautiful forever," and the merest suspicion of rouge added roundness to the hollowing cheek, and lustre to the fading eyes; so that when the perfect arch of her eyebrows was restored by a light pencil and Indian ink, and the deficiency of bust was concealed by flowing folds of lace and muslin, the Countess of Walsoken looked really a very personable lady. But triumphant make-ups of this character require time, and consequently it was not till inquiry of every kind had been exhausted that the Countess found herself throned in her breakfast-room, to hear each detail of the startling intelligence. But all that could be gathered from the various stories and surmises of the relators was that Lucy Marsden was gone; but whither she had fled, why she had departed, remained as much a mystery as before.

"I think, my leddy," said Minkin, "that if any one knows anything about it, it would be Mr. Latour. He's a sort of conjuror, my leddy, and he finds things out by dealing cards, or throwing up half-pence, and all those sort of tricks."

"Nonsense, Minkin!" replied the Countess. "But for all that, I think we'd better see Mr. Latour."

Latour speedily obeyed her summons. He came quietly and respectfully.

"Latour," said the Countess, "this is—ah—a very sad affair—ah—very sad!"

In fact, the Countess of Walsoken was a little, only just a little bit afraid of the creole; so she threw out the last observation as a kind of feeler—a suggestion rather than an inquiry.

"Sad, very sad," repeated the Countess; "and so improper, too!"

"The necessity," replied Latour, "sanctifies the flight."

"Um—then," asked the Countess, "you are aware of the necessity?"

"Yes," returned Latour.

"You aided her, perhaps?" then continued the Countess, with an irritable cough.

"To a certain extent, yes," answered the creole.

"And for what reason?"

"I must either be silent, my lady, or forge a lie. Of the two alternatives, I prefer the former."

"You refuse to tell me, then?"

Latour did not reply. The Countess was growing angry.

"Perhaps you are not aware," she said, "that the disappearance of a wealthy heiress like Miss Marsden is not wholly unaccompanied with inquiry. Perhaps—ah—em—you will not be so reticent to others as you prove yourself to me."

"What, madam, my will conceals, the lash should ne'er extort. Those," he added, "who profess to be most interested in the inquiry, will be, perhaps, as desirous of silence as myself."

"But, good heavens! who is to control the household?—who is to provide the expense? Are the lawyers to get everything?" miserably demanded the Countess.

"You had better inquire of that gentleman who, at this moment, is crossing the lawn."

The countess was almost struck dumb, as, looking across the lawn, she found "that gentleman" was Captain Hugh Bernard.

Her astonishment knew no bounds.

What! he—the outcast of society—the denounced swindler—the mysterious sham—he there! and moving on so placidly and calmly towards the home which had so lately contained his victim?"

Returning strength had brought the old look of defiance into Bernard's face once more. His eyes gleamed with their old, steady, unswerving gaze; and he seemed again in command of that consummate coolness which had, till lately, been the most noticeable part of his character. The sole trace of his wound was the sling in which his arm was borne. He staid in his approach, and pointed out to Ephraim Light, who accompanied him, the various improvements which, by his direction, had been made in the estate. Light was no longer overbearing; he was humble, even obsequious—whispering every word—acquiescing in every observation. Yet Light chuckled within himself, for he knew that he was the real master of Bernard, who was the virtual master of Marsden! The time would come; but Light was a dog who ever concealed his teeth till he was prepared to bite deep and fast. At that moment the face of Latour was a study for a painter—the rage which it exhibited was so horrible and condensed. His black eyes glittered with his savage hate; his lips and teeth were set, as though they formed a vice; his hands closed themselves, till the pointed nails were dyed with the blood of his unconscious palm; his very hair stirred with the depth of his strong passion. As Bernard moved to enter the house, this fixity of body, as of mind, departed with a wild, relieving sigh.

"Minkin!" exclaimed the Countess, "close the door! For heaven's sake, don't let that cold-blooded reptile enter my room!"

The Countess spoke earnestly and strongly. The forms of fashion which had fettered her nature had not destroyed it. She was a woman, kept down by conventionality; but she was a woman still. The servants, with whom their young mistress was a being to adore, shared in this general distrust. They were at a loss how to act. It appeared as though this unexpected appearance of the Captain had deprived them of their power of thought; so that when Bernard had reached the door, and loudly knocked for admission, none seemed inclined to answer his summons. Once more he knocked, and louder than before. Latour descended into the hall.

"Open!" he said.

He was obeyed.

"Curs!" exclaimed Bernard, "did you not hear me? Stubborn fools, *I* ride ye now; and if ye shy or stumble, you shall feel both whip and spur!"

He was the Captain of old. Latour advanced and met him face to face.

"By what authority, Captain Bernard, do you thus enter the house of my mistress, Miss Marsden? She is away; and in her absence, and as her steward, I request a reply."

"I marvel, Latour," replied Bernard, "that you had not the courage to demand it. Many would hardly condescend to explain. I am not of that number. I am the sole guardian and trustee of Miss Marsden, by the terms of her late mother's will."

"Which I remember you extorted.

"And which you will not forget that you witnessed, and therefore saw her sign."

"What a magnificent old mansion!" interposed Light, in affected admiration.

"Superb as a residence! is it not, sir?" continued Latour, looking at Bernard; "and even more so for a tomb!"

"Do you dispute my right, Antony Latour?"

"I dispute it not!" replied Latour. "Enter with your friend."

"You were disappointed at my recovery, eh, La-

MR. JAMES CROCKETT. THE LION KING. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

tour?" tauntingly inquired the captain. "The air of Marsden has wondrous healing propensities. I believe I have been mending hour by hour since I saw you last!"

Latour smiled.

"A visit from our old friend, Dr. Moore, and my arm, Latour, will be as powerful as my will."

"He shall be sent for," answered the creole.

"He shall be sent for," answered the creole.

"Latour, send in a claret magnum. The weather is warm, and my friend and myself are thirsty."

Bernard, who knew the plan of the old house perfectly, led the way to a room overlooking the lawn, where he and Light seated themselves in the recess of the window.

"Light!" ejaculated Bernard, in a tone of exultation, "nerves bracing up, eh?"

"Never saw you look better, captain!"

"What would you take for your fifteen thousand now, eh, Light?"

"Not fourteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds," replied the other.

"Oh! here's the claret!" cried the captain. "Drink, man, drink!"

But Mr. Light, too wise to refus was yet wise enough not to indulge. He wanted his brain cool and clear.

"Now!" excitedly proceeded Bernard, "now that we are alone, business! [illegible] gone, you see."

"Oh--ah—Lucy—you much the better! Ga[illegible]' that fellow, Dick—deaf [illegible] dumb though he is—is worth a whole regiment of detectives! The way that he caught sight of the young girl Gabrielle—followed her unseen through the storm—clambered the ivy—saw the preparation for flight, and roused me, was worthy of Vidocq!"—To be continued.

A CHAPTER ON COCKING.

The season for testing the fighting qualities of game fowl is now with us, as we are reminded by several correspondents, who ask us sundry and several questions thereon. For their enlightenment therefore, as well as for others, we publish the following chapter on cocking, game cock breeding, etc., which contains the information sought, and is more elaborate than we can find room for in our correspondents' column.

COCK FIGHTING.

This game, if it may be so called, had its rise and adoption in the earliest times among the Barbarians, Greeks, and Romans. It appears to have been a standard diversion among the latter at the time they abolished the combats of the gladiators in the arena. The islanders of Delos, it appears, were great lovers of cock-fighting. Tanagra, a city in Bœotia, the Isle of Rhodes, Chalcis, in Eubœa, and the country of Media, were celebrated for their partiality to and their breed of chickens. It has continued a sport among the English for a long period, although now much on the decline. In America it is a popular winter sport, and mains for large amounts are frequently fought.

DIRECTIONS FOR BREEDING GAME COCKS.

The breeding cock should be selected from a strain which has generally, if not always, gained the odd battle when equally matched; be also thoroughly convinced that he is quite sound, by attending to his mode of feeding, where, should he eat corn enough to make his crop very hard, and digest the same speedily, that is as sure a token his constitution is good, so that it is rotten when he eats but little, and has besides a bad digestion. To be still more sure, try also by running him down in a field, and sparring with another cock, at either of which, if he is unsound, he will turn black in the face. Try the hens in like manner.

The cock ought to have a long thin head, or very taper, if short: full large eyes, stout crooked beak, thick long neck, short compact body, round breast, firm stout thighs, well placed up to the shoulders, long strong legs, and if they agree in color with the beak, it is reckoned a perfection; broad thin feet, and very long claws; a stately walk, and an upright easy carriage, the wings not lying close on his back, but rather extended.

A cock possessed of the preceding qualifications, in condition to fight, ought not to weigh more than 4lb 10 oz., for when above that weight, and the hens of a good size, their progeny, if well walked, will be too large to fight, being beyond the articles; and if the cock is much less in weight than 4lb 8 oz., the chickens will not have the due share of bone requisite to contend with cocks that are true bred. The hens should correspond to the cock in feather, shape, and make, with bodies sufficiently roomy behind for the production of large eggs.

The breeding walk should be where there are out-houses for shelter in bad weather, on a dry soil, all the better if gravelly, at a distance from any house where fowls are kept, lest the hens should be trod by other cocks; and, if possible, where there is a constant rill of clear water running near the house, as all foul water, especially soap-suds, causes the roop, a fatal disease that never can be thoroughly cured.

In February, put the cock and not more than three or four hens together, and let them be sisters, if possible, for greater certainty in breeding. Before the hens begin laying, provide distinct and separate nests for them, else they will be apt to quarrel and fight, till they at last entirely spoil one another. The first egg being usually smaller than the others, mark and leave that in the nest; take out all the others the same day they are laid, write on and put them in a box with bran. When the hens begin to grow broody, put the eggs laid by in the nest, as most likely to produce good chickens. Plenty of food and water should always be near the sitting hens, and if they are in a floored place, lay a quantity of gravel upon it. Those chickens are of little value that are hatched later than May; and those hatched before the end of March are often cramped by cold; such as are later than the beginning of June never run cocks so high upon leg, light fleshed, or large boned. If the weather turns out dry, and the sun shines, the chickens may be put out of doors, even the day after they are hatched, confining the hens under crates.

For the first fortnight the chickens should be fed on bread and eggs mixed, besides grits; and if kept in a room, where they cannot get insects, let them have some raw bones of beef or mutton to pick, with a supply of fresh cool water. Feed them three times a day with as much as they can eat. After the hens are removed, put the brood cock along with the cock chickens, whom he will keep in proper subjection, provided no hens come near them.

With a view to try the virtue of a brood, choose, from those hatched early, some of the stags that are shortest upon leg, get them weighed into a match to fight in the main about March the year after they are hatched; bestow great attention to their mode of fighting, and the reputation of the cocks they contend with; and if they keep the battle equally up, and only seem beaten by age, they will most likely make excellent cocks.

RULES AND ORDERS.

On the day of weighing, he whose chance it is to weigh last is to set his cocks and number his pens, both byes and main, and deposit the key of the pens upon the weighing table (or the adversary may put a lock upon the door) before any cock is put into the scales; and after the first pack of cocks is weighed, a person appointed by him that weighed first shall go into the other pens to see that no other cocks are weighed but what are numbered and so set, if they are within the articles of weight that the match specifies; but if not, to take the following cock or cocks, until all the number of main and bye cocks are weighed through. When they are all weighed, proceed directly to match them, with the least weigh first, and so on; and equal weights or nearest weights to be separated, if by that separation an increased number of battles can be made: all blanks must be filled up on the weighing day, and the battles struck off and divided for each day's play, as previously agreed on, and the cocks that weigh the least are to fight the first day, and so upwards.

At the time assented to by both parties, the cocks that are to fight the first battle are produced upon the pit by the feeders or their helpers; and after an examination to see whether they correspond with the marks and colors stated in the match bill, they are given to the setters-to, who, after chopping them in hand, give them to the masters of the match (who always sit fronting each other), when they turn them down upon the mat; and by no means are the setters-to to touch them, except they should hang in the mat, in each other, or get close to the pit's edge, until they shall cease fighting, while a person can tell forty. When both cocks leave off fighting until one of the setters-to, or one appointed for stating the law, can tell forty gradually, then, the setters-to are to make the nearest way to their cocks, and when they have taken them up, to carry them into the middle of the pit, and directly deliver them on their legs beak to beak, and not to touch them again until they have refused fighting, so long as the teller of the law can tell ten, unless they are on their backs, or hung in each other, or in the mat; then again they are to set-to as before, and continue it till one cock refuses fighting ten several times, one after another, when it is that cock's victory that fought within the law. Now and then it happens that both cocks refuse fighting while the law is telling: in this case a fresh cock is to be hovelled, and brought forward upon the mat as soon as possible, and the setters-to are to toss up which cock is to be set-to first, and he that gets the chance has the choice. Then the other which is to be set-to last must be taken up, but not carried off the pit; and setting the hovelled cock down to the other five separate times, telling ten between each setting-to, and the same to the other cock: if one fights, and the other declines, the fighting cock has the battle: should both fight, or both refuse, it is a drawn battle. The meaning of setting-to five times to each cock is, that ten times setting-to being the long law, so, on their both refusing, the law is to be equally shared between them.

Deciding a battle by another way, is, if any one offers to lay ten dollars to one, and no one takes it until the law teller counts forty, and calls out three separate times, "Will any one take it?" and if no one does, it is that cock's battle the odds are laid on, and the setters-to are not to touch the cocks all the time the forty is telling, unless either cock is hung in the mat, or on his back, or hung together. If a cock should die before the long law is told out, notwithstanding he fought in the law, and the other did not, he loses the battle.

There are often disputes in setting-to in the long law, for frequently both cocks refuse fighting until four or five, or more or less times are told: then they sometimes commence telling from that cock's fighting, and counting but once refused, but they should continue their counting on, until one cock has refused ten times; for it is for both cocks when the law is begun to be told; and if one cock fights within the long law, and the other not, it is a battle to the cock that fought, reckoning from the first setting-to. All disputes relative to bets, or the battle being gained or lost, must be decided by the spectators. The crowing and mantling of a cock, or fighting at the setter-to's hand before he is put to the other cock, or breaking from his adversary, is not allowed as a fight.

Each feeder has a particular mode of dieting and preparing cocks for battle. The following is a good method:—After cautiously examining whether the cocks are sound and hard-feathered, keep them in separate pens, with moveable perches within; keep the pens peculiarly clean, and feed them with the crumb of stale bread cut into square pieces, giving each a handful at sunrise, noon, and sunset, with cool spring water for drink; after thus feeding for four or five days, let them spar some morning with one another in a room covered with straw, or on a grass-plot, first guarding their heels with hots, or leather spurs; let them spar some time, but not so far as to draw blood. When they pant and appear faint, give to each about the size of a walnut of white sugar-candy, rosemary chopped, and butter, mixed together: this will increase ther strength, cleanse them, and render them long-winded; immediately after this, put them into separate bags or baskets half filled with straw, then cover them with the same material, and make them fast, in order that the cocks may sweat till evening; at night take them out, lick their eyes and head all over with the tongue, fill their throats with stale bread, and pour warm urine therein, which will cleanse both their heads and bodies. Exercise and diet them with stale bread and whites of eggs regularly, one day sparring, and the other feeding and resting, with, now and then, the scouring, for at least a fortnight previous to the battle.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

REMOVAL.

The Office of the New York Clipper is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

All communications, correspondence, etc., intended for this or any other department of the New York Clipper, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

Frank Queen,
Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper.

To Correspondents.

Phœnix, Philadelphia.—1. The only certain winning hands in both are four aces; or four kings with an ace. 2. The cards count by pairs, two pairs, triplets, flush, full, and four of a kind—and sometimes by straights or sequences. One Pair.—Two cards of the same denomination. For example:—Two deuces are the lowest, and two aces the highest pairs. The pair may be of any color. Two Pairs.—Two pairs of different cards in the same hand count next to a single pair. Aces and kings are the highest, and deuces and trays are the lowest two pair. Straight, sequence, or rotation, is five cards following in regular order of denomination, as ace, deuce, tray, four and five, and the cards may be of different suits; a straight will beat two pairs; and when a straight and a flush come together in one hand, it outranks a full; the flush beats the three of a kind, and the straight outranks the pair. A flush from a deuce will take precedence of a flush from an ace. Straights are not considered in the game, although they are played in some localities, and it should always be determined whether they are to be admitted at the commencement of the game. Triplets are three cards of the same denomination, and rank higher than two pairs. For example:—three deuces beat a pair of aces and kings. A flush is five cards all of the same suit, and beats three aces. Should it so happen that two flushes are dealt in the same deal, the winning hand must be decided by the denomination of cards composing the flush. Thus, a flush with an ace highest, would beat a flush with king highest. Full hand is three cards of the same denomination, and a single pair. A full ranks higher than a flush; for example:—two deuces and three trays will beat a flush. Four of the same denomination is the highest combination of the cards in poker, and four deuces will beat a full hand of aces and Kings. Therefore, the only certain winning cards are four aces, or four kings and an ace. Should two or more hands come together of equal value in pairs, the best of them is decided by the side cards.

Inquirer, N. Y.—We judge by the tone of your letter that you are in too much haste to achieve success. The first qualification is patience; second, pertinacity; thirdly, self-reliance; fourthly, readiness to take advantage of opportunities as they occur. The chief characteristics of all self made men are patience and self-reliance. Those who depend on others for assistance for a start, seldom or never succeed. Therefore, cultivate your mental and physical qualities all in your power; wait patiently for the opportunity; and you will not wait in vain.

Gunboat Cairo.—1. Susan Denin has been married, but is now a widow. 2. Adah Isaacs Menken was married to Orpheus C. Kerr. 3. Helen is married. 4. Mr. Neafie is considered a very good tragedian. 5. Mr. Neafie is the only one that has received permission from Mr. Forrest to play "Jack Cade." 6. J. H. Hackett was born in March, 1800.

South Main, Providence, R. I.—"A and B are playing cribbage, A plays a 7, B an 8, and takes two for fifteen, A then plays a 9 and takes three for a sequence, B plays a 7 and claims three for a sequence and two for 31. Is B's claim for three on the second sequence allowed by the best authorities on cribbage?"..... Yes, B's claim is quite correct.

Overland.—The overland stages to California go through in twenty-three days. Stages connect at Salt Lake City running north to Idaho Territory and Oregon, then to Bannock and Virginia cities, Mountana Territory on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

B. C. B., Albany.—"A and B are playing cribbage. They wish to know if a sequence is, or is not, broken by playing a pair, viz., A plays a deuce, making his sequence, B follows with another deuce. Can B take more than his pair?".....B can only take his count for his pair. The sequence is broken.

J. C. L., Chicago.—The cards take their relative value when the euchre pack is made up; Jack is, therefore, a higher card than the ace, and as low deals, the holder of the ace is entitled to the deal.

Wm. Sergeant, Co. C., 210 Pa. Vols.—The Clipper is for sale every Tuesday morning. We mail to our subscribers every Tuesday noon, and they should leave this city that afternoon for all points.

Actor.—1. Frank Brower makes Philadelphia his home. 2. E. L. Davenport is considered one of the best actors on the American stage. 3. Keep one eye on our music hall summary and you will learn the lady's whereabouts.

T. Reilly, Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.—In cribbage, all the court cards count as tenth cards and are equal in cutting. In most other games they rank in the following order:—Ten, knave, queen, and king.

Davis, Albany.—1. There are several cock pits in or near this city. 2. You will find the information you ask in another column. 3. Thorough game fowls fetch a high price in this city.

Bertie.—1. The lady is married. 2. Twenty years of age. 3. Maggie has never been to Europe. 4. Maggie is undoubtedly the best. 5. Mr. Collier married Maggie's sister.

H. O. B. W. N.—Lola Montez died in this city January 17th, 1861. Her remains were quietly deposited in Greenwood on the 19th.

C. O., Battle Creek.—Address J. Ashford, according to his advertisement in another column. See article on game cock breeding elsewhere.

J., Philadelphia.—1. The lady is not divorced. 2. The lady may do what you say, and if she does, it is no one's business but her own.

Gorgias.—Your letter arrived too late to be of use in our last, and the items are too old for the present issue. Write on Thursday and you will be in good time.

S. A. R., Astoria.—The dealer could not turn the card up as trump in such a case. The cards should all be bunched, and a fresh deal take place.

S. W.—1. The lady and gentleman are late arrivals from England, and we cannot give their age. 2. He is a German by birth and education.

M. G. White.—Junius Brutus Booth was buried Dec. 11th, 1852, in Baltimore. His death occurred on the steamer James Chenoworth, going from New Orleans to Cincinnati.

David Small, Bermuda Hundred.—We have not got a copy of the Clipper containing the account of the Orem and Geoghegan fight.

H. H. W., Hart Island.—The fight between Heenan and King took place on Dec. 10th, 1863, was for $10,000, and was awarded to King after fighting 24 rounds in 35 minutes.

T. W. H., New Orleans, La.—Tom Spring was beaten once by Ned Painter, 64m., 42r., Aug. 7, 1818—Spring defeated Painter in their first battle on April 1, 1818, 89m., 31r.

Gay Carleton.—1. We published a biography of Maggie Mitchell in the Clipper, but have none of that issue on hand. 2. Maggie will play another engagement at Niblo's in the spring.

T. M., 18th Army Corps.—Jem Mace was born at Beeston, near Swaffham in, 1831, and never saw Norwich until he was nearly seventeen years of age.

Hastings, Memphis.—1. Sayers never fought the Staleybridge Infant. 2. Mace fought and defeated Sam Hurst in 8r., 50m., June 18, 1861.

J. H., Philadelphia.—There are only three theatres in London, larger than any we have in this country. They are Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden.

Reader of Clipper, U. S. Hospital, Washington, D. C.—New Nork City is in New York County.

Wm. Poore, U. S. Monitor Osage.—Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, N. Y.

Drama.—There are several dramatic teachers in this city, but we do not know their address.

L. B., Cincinnati.—As there were $1200 and over on the table, A won.

Chanticleer, Yorkville.—See cocking article in another part of this issue.

Jack Pratt, Davenport, Ia.—We have never seen the game played here.

John C. Lawson, Clinton.—A man betting on a sure thing, certainly wins.

Alpha, Chicago.—We have put you on our list. Write on Tuesday of each week.

A Subscriber, Titusville.—As A did weigh 210 lbs. and "more too," he won the bet.

Constant Reader.—The lady is a widow. The gentleman you mention is not her husband.

Edwin S. G., Burlington.—We have no knowledge of the party whatever.

J. R. J.—Enter the profession in a subordinate position and work your way up.

John Lynch, Plumer.—Your subscription expires with No. 6, Vol. 13.

Dry Dock, Providence.—The ladies who illustrate Mr. Oscan yan's lectures are not of Turkish parentage.

P. P., Philadelphia.—1. The *Herald* has the largest circulation. 2. Write to the *Tribune*, we do not know its private business.

C. Wilson, Baltimore.—The Florences will not appear in your city for some time.

J. F. B, Boston.—1. 24. 2. Not married. 3. Adelphi Theatre, London. 4. Her sister is alive, married, and living in England.

Lew. Ogden, Quebec—Will appear in our next. It is well wound up.

De F. P. G., Newark.—We have already had something of a similar character.

M. K., Chicago.—Low deals, and as the ace is lower than the Jack in this game, the holder of the ace is entitled to the deal.

J. A. C.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has enjoyed a longer run than any other piece on the American stage.

Keimer, Meadville.—1. The pair of aces and pair of trays is the better hand. 2. In this city we believe.

J. B. W., Croton.—Get "The American Hoyle" of Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y.

N. E.—We could tell better after seeing a specimen.

Constant Reader.—We don't understand your query.

THE "BULL PEN" OF THE SOUTH.

From the Burial Place of 12,000 Starved Union Men.

Our readers may perhaps call to mind some well-written and spicy correspondence we used to publish over the signature of "Adelphi," at that time a resident of Pittsburgh; but, after the war broke out, a resident of the Union war path in Virginia, in which wide field of military operations he did good service in his country's cause. A year or so ago, our friend was unfortunate enough to be among those "gobbled up" by the opposing forces. From Richmond he was carried "away down south in Georgia," and planted in the "Bull Pen" at Andersonville, where the remains of twelve thousand brave Union soldiers "lie mouldering in the grave," the victims of starvation and "man's inhumanity to man." One of the prisoners recently exchanged at Savannah brought us the following letter from our correspondent. From its tenor, he seems to be endeavoring to keep a "stiff upper lip" even in that "hell hole of Georgia." We hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing "Adelphi" in the flesh, or at least in his bones, for after a residence in the "Bull Pen," we do not expect to see much flesh about him. Here is the letter:

Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 15, 1864.

Friend Queen—I take advantage of the departure of the sick and wounded for the North to drop you a line. What a change has come o'er the spirit of my dreams since last I wrote you—*then* "everything was lovely, and the goose was suspended at a respectable elevation;" *now* I am "languishing" in one of the most detestable dens upon the face of God's creation. Fortunately, the transfer of my person to the "fostering care" of ye "misguided brethren," has not, so far, operated *seriously* to my detriment. During the twelve months of my imprisonment I have enjoyed excellent health, and though not as *corpulent*, may-hap, as formerly, I am quite as "ragged and sassy." From those prisoners who will soon shake the dust of the confederacy from their feet, you will doubtless receive various accounts of prison life here. You will doubtless set some of these down as too highly colored; but let me assure you that *exaggeration is utterly impossible*—'tis beyond the power of mortal man to portray faithfully the deplorable condition of affairs here. It is, certainly, the most vile and loathsome spot of ground this side the regions of the d——d, and some there are who profess to doubt whether the latter can possibly excel it as a place of torment and suffering. For my part, I think I have endured enough misery to atone for all the sins I have ever committed, and leave a slight balance in my favor. Could you but walk with me through the vast city of the dead, visible from our prison gate, and see the unpretending mounds which mark the final resting place of *twelve thousand* sons of the North *literally starved to death*—the vision would be a sufficient commentary upon the sufferings of those confined here, and the inhumanity of the policy which refuses to exchange the poor victims. Those who have been instrumental in dooming so many of their fellow beings to imprisonment and death, will have a fearful account to render up when the nations of the earth shall be assembled for judgment. I have much to say, but space forbids, and I must cut this off, as the ancient Hibernian lady did the "dog's" narrative. Hoping soon to set foot upon the soil of civilization, and wishing you and the spicy craft all health and prosperity, I remain yours, as ever. ——.

[We omit the writer's name, for prudential reasons.—Ed.]

P. S.—I enclose you a copy of some verses composed by a prisoner here:—

"WILL YE LEAVE US HERE TO DIE?"
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A PRISONER OF WAR.

When our country called for men we came from forge, and store, and mill,
From workshop, farm and factory, the broken ranks to fill;
We left our quiet, happy homes, and ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all the Union's foes, or fall where others fell.
Now in prisons drear we languish, and it is our constant cry—
O! ye who yet can save us, will ye leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you that our hearts were weak with fear,
That all, or nearly all, of us were captured in the rear;
The scars upon our bodies, from musket ball and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms—a truer tale will tell.
We have tried to do our duty in the sight of God on high,
O! ye who yet can save us, will ye leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hope still beating, in our pleasant Northern homes,
Waiting, watching for the footsteps that may never, never come.
In Southern prisons languishing—meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker daily, from pinching care and want,
There brothers, sons and husbands, poor desponding captives lie—
O! ye who yet can save them, will ye leave them here to die?

From out our prison gate we see a grave yard near at hand,
Where lie twelve thousand Union men beneath the Georgia sand;
Scores and scores are laid beside them, as day succeeds to day,
And thus it ever will be till they all shall pass away;
And the last can say, when dying, with upturned and glazing eye,
"Both love and faith are dead at home—they have left us here to die!"

Andersonville, Ga.

How are you Q. C.?—One of the most amusing cases of mistaken identity we find in a letter from a correspondent in London, Eng., to the San Francisco *Morning Call* of Nov. 15th. Says this pennywise correspondent:

"Coburn's agent—tell it not in Gath!—was Mr. Edwin James of New York. And has it come to this!—the man who three short years ago was the most prominent counsel at the English bar, and a Queen's counsel to boot; who enjoyed a splendid income from his professional labors, and who might, aye, who *would* have been elevated to the Bench years ago, had it not been for his private character—this man reappears on Irish soil as the abettor of a prize fight, the associate of the most degraded specimens of humanity that either America or England can produce! It is a sad—an awful lesson."

Now this second Daniel does not know quite so much as he thinks he does. His assertions, specifications and moralizations are decidedly rich and amusing, and we wonder which of the Edwin Jameses Q. C. will enjoy the joke the most. So much for "our reliable correspondent."

Interesting Trial.—It has been a long time since we have had anything so spicy in our Courts as the trial now in progress between ex-Mayor Opdyke and ex-Editor Thurlow Weed. It is decidedly rich, showing how the conservators of the public morals feather their own nests while running the "political maheen;" how official and other "influential patriots" "go through" Uncle Sam, and all that sort of thing. As a well-meaning but untutored friend of ours once remarked, its a good thing to get an inside view of the operations of these political cli-ques (he meant cliques), and executive committees. Why, the doings of the "brutal pugilists" are entirely overshadowed by the developments of the Opdyke-Weed trial!

"The Situation" is a trifle weak for the Johnnies just now. Hood has been double-banked at Nashville, Jefferson Davis has been skunked in Georgia, and Hardee and Beauregard bid fair to be euchred at Savannah. If Lee doesn't hold a good "bluff" hand, he may yet be swallowed up by a "full" in the Dutch Gap; while Wilmington cannot "go alone" against such good hands as Butler and Porter hold. Most assuredly, things look uncomfortable for the erring family. Instead of saying to them, "depart in peace," let us entreat them to "come in."

Sleighing.—A day or two of excellent sleighing was enjoyed last week, and sleighs, fast horses, and buffalo robes were at a premium. The rainy weather of the past day or two, however, has turned the snow into slush and mud, and sleighing may be said to have "gone up" for the time being.

Curling.—Our Scottish friends are beginning to make arrangements for prosecuting their favorite sport of curling. A meeting was held at Buffalo last week, at which a number of clubs of Canada and the United States were represented. See proceedings of the same in another column.

International Curling Match.—A meeting of delegates for the purpose of perfecting the arrangements for the forthcoming International Curling Match, was held at the Suspension Bridge on Thursday, Dec. 15th. The following gentlemen represented the Canadian Clubs: The Hon. H. B. Bull, and Messrs. Adam Brown and R. S. Law of Hamilton; Dr. James Hamilton of Dundas, and Mr. James E. Thompson of Toronto. The United States Clubs were represented by Messrs. James S. Lyon, David Bell, Archibald McPherson, William Brown, John Walls and George Macnoe of Buffalo. On motion of the Hon. H. B. Bull, Mr. James Lyon was called to the chair, and Messrs R. A. Law and George Macnoe were appointed secretaries of the meeting. The reports of the secretaries, showing the names of the clubs, and the number of rinks to participate in the match, were read, and from which it appeared that thirty rinks—or one hundred and twenty players—on each side, were to participate in the match.

The Canadian Clubs are: The Thistle, of Ancaster; Burlington, of Hamilton; Ayr, Coburg, Chatham, Dundas, Fergus, Galt, Paris, Scarboro', Toronto, West Hamboro'; Kingston; Ontario, of Hamilton; Caledonia, of Montreal; the Port Hope; the Speed, of Guelph; the Thames, of London; the Simcoe, and the London Club.

The United States Clubs are: New England, Boston; Caledonian, Thistle, and St. Andrews, New York City; Paterson, New Jersey, Pittston, Pa.; Albany, New York Mills, and Clark's Mills, N. Y.; Caledonian, Buffalo; Cleveland, Ohio; Detroit and Orchard Lake, Michigan.

After considerable discussion, the place of meeting was decided to be Buffalo, and the time, Thursday, the 5th of January—ice permitting—or Wednesday, the 11th of January, and if no ice on that day, as soon afterwards as possible.

On the evening of the match, says the Buffalo *Courier*, "a grand curlers' supper of 'beef and greens' will take place, of which it is expected four or five hundred players will partake. The match has created great excitement both in Canada and the United States. The most friendly feeling was expressed by the delegates from both sides at the meeting, and the most fervent wishes of all were that no more bloody contest might ever take place between the two countries than a friendly match at Auld Scotia's favorite game; and that the forthcoming meeting, as well as others of a like character, might do much to develop friendly feelings among the good and true men of both nationalities. There is not a doubt that the feelings of these men are one and the same, as to the preservation of peace and friendliness, notwithstanding what the rash and inconsiderate may do or say. At the close of the business of the meeting, a cordial vote of thanks was given to the chairman and the Secretary for their arduous labors in bringing about and perfecting, so far, the great match."

A Valuable "Catch."—A fisherman recently hauled up a silver fork, marked "Atlantic," near the spot, in Long Island Sound, where the steamer Atlantic was wrecked on Nov. 27, 1846. It is a very heavy, old-fashioned silver fork, and bears marks of long immersion in water.

THE SKATING SEASON.

The late wintry aspect of affairs led very many to expect that the skating carnival, now looked upon as one of the leading winter sports in the northern section of Uncle Sam's dominions, had begun in right down earnest. We need hardly add that anticipations of the most pleasurable character were indulged in by thousands of Gotham's stalwart sons and fair daughters, and that Woodham & Winans, and other skate dealer's stores were fairly besieged by those anxious to secure good "sliding irons." For one or two days the ice was just thick enough for a little preliminary exercising on some of the smaller ponds; but alas, the weather of Saturday, Sunday and Monday caused what little frozen water there was to melt away, as Shakespeare would have it, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and thus were all those fond hopes and pleasurable anticipations for a time submerged; or, according to a hard shell Baptist of our acquaintance, "immersed," and at the present writing, we are sorry for the skaters' sake to have to say it, the prospects are gloomy enough, as the rain is descending, and the earth is enveloped in a mist that outscotches the scotchyist of that state of the atmosphere. We expected to have been privileged to have written differently to the above, and to have been able to have given a glowing description, as only the Clipper can, of the glorious good time enjoyed at the skating carnival, and to have given a column or two of skateistics, but the thaw has knocked our calculation on the cranium. As, however, we have no doubt but that Old Jack Frost will soon return and make solid that which is now fluid, and as a sort of salve to the injured feelings of the disappointed skaters and skatresses, we here give a list of the lakes on which pigeon wings, &c., may be cut when the good time coming has come.

CENTRAL PARK.

Workmen have been engaged on the Central Park lakes for several days in arranging the preliminaries for the opening of the season. A number of buildings have been put up on the border of the lake, which are to be used, as in the last season, for the convenience of skaters and visitors. These buildings include refreshment rooms, coat room, and other apartments, besides depots for the sale and lending of skates. Everything is now in readiness for another enjoyable season, barring the ice. Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, will cater for the culinary department at the Park during the season.

FIFTH AVENUE POND.

This pond is situated on the space of ground bounded by the Fourth and Fifth avenues, and Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth streets. Mr. O. F. Oatman, the manager of the pond, has this year associated with him Mr. M. M. Van Dyke, and through the united efforts of these gentlemen the public will receive all the advantages which experience, good judgment, and a liberal outlay of capital can produce. The popularity of this pond has heretofore attracted many persons who preferred a more select and retired resort for skating. The charges for admission are as follows: gentlemen's season tickets, $5; ladies and children, $3.

CAPITOLINE LAKE, BROOKLYN.

This popular skating park was originally established by the Capitoline Association of Brooklyn, but last season it passed into the hands of Messrs. Weed and Decker. The ground during the summer season is used as a field for base ball clubs. The skating pond is formed by flooding the hollow with water from the Ridgewood reservoir. The pond covers eight acres, and the quantity of water required is about six million gallons. It is situated on Bedford Avenue, between Fulton and Marcy Avenues, and may be reached by the Fulton Avenue or Myrtle Avenue cars. The ladies and gentlemen's saloons have been enlarged, and ample heating arrangements have been added. The culinary department will be conducted by Mr. Thos. Giddings. The following are the prices of admission to the Capitoline pond:—Gentlemen's season tickets, four dollars; boys under fifteen years, two dollars; ladies' season tickets, one dollar and a half; single admission, fifty cents.

NASSAU POND.

This pond is situated at Flatbush, L. I., and is accessible by the Flatbush avenue cars, from the Fulton ferry, Brooklyn. It is under the control of the following gentlemen: Abraham Lott, President; Charles Condit, Vice-President; Daniel F. Fernald, Treasurer; Daniel M. Tredwell, Secretary. Executive Committee: Francis D. Mason, D. B. Powell, Stephen Kidder, John F. Reid, and Ed. D. White. The charges for admission are as follows: Season tickets, admitting a gentleman and three ladies, five dollars; youth's tickets, one dollar each; single admission, twenty-five cents.

OTHER PONDS IN BROOKLYN.

The Washington Pond, on the Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, will be conducted this year by Messrs. Skinner and Carty, who have not yet announced their arrangements. The Union Pond, on Marcy and Harrison avenues, Eastern District of Brooklyn, is the favorite resort of skaters from that part of the city.

PONDS IN NEW JERSEY.

The Sylvan Lake, at Hoboken, conducted by Mr. G. Linford, affords an excellent resort for skaters. Ladies' and children's season tickets are sold for two dollars; gentlemen's three dollars; single admission for gentlemen, 25 cents; for children, 15 cents.

There are also good ponds near Jersey City, also at Harlem, and in other suburban districts, of which we may be able to give the precise location and other particulars when the season is fairly opened.

Whether the season will be long or short, remains, as a matter of course, to be seen, and as we are not related to the late lamented Merriam, the famous weather prophet, we will not attempt to predict; but if the Newburyport *Herald* is right in its prophecy, we are to have an open winter, with mild weather, because, it says, nature foresaw it in preparing the coats for the ears of corn, and gave them but scanty covering; the streams and ponds are not yet full, which indicates that much rain instead of snow is yet to fall; the muskrats have built their houses two stories high, to avoid the rise of the waters; and the nuts are scarce, as the squirrels will have the liberty of the woods, instead of being blocked up in their holes by snow banks.

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST TROTTING SEASON.

In last week's Clipper we gave a retrospect of the summer trotting season on Long Island, and we now give a *resume* of the most important events of the fall season. The Fashion Course Association purses filled well, as did also those offered by the proprietors of the Union Course, thus giving promise of a capital season. The great match for $10,000 and the sovereignty of the American Trotting Turf, between Mr. Henry Genet's famous black gelding Gen. Butler, and Mr. Simmons' equally celebrated brown Hambletonian stallion Robt. Fillingham, two-mile heats, in harness, which had been made at the Saratoga Races, and had excited the interest of the trotting community to the highest pitch, resulted in a fizzle and disappointment to all concerned; the brown stallion, in consequence of going amiss, paying forfeit of the money down ($2500 a side). It appears that Fillingham, for a week or two previous to the match, had not been doing as well as his owner and trainer would have liked, but as he apparently got all right again just prior to the day, they resolved to trot the race. Early on the morning of the day of the match, his trainer speeded him round the Union Track, and to his surprise found that the horse could not show anything like his accustomed speed and time, and by his advice, he was withdrawn from the race, and turned out for the winter. He had thrown out a couple of splints, but the owner anticipates that he will be all right again next season, and has matched him against Mr Petty's slashing chestnut mare Lady Emma, in a race of mile heats, in harness, for $5,000, to come off in June next, on the Union Course.

The death of Mr. Wm. Macdonald, of Baltimore, the owner of the celebrated Queen of the Trotting Turf—the gay little Flora Temple—which occurred at his residence in that city on Sept. 6th, cannot be passed over unnoticed in recording the leading turf events of the season of 1864. He became the possessor of the famous mare four years before, having purchased her of her owner, Mr. James D. McMann, of this city, for, it is alleged, the sum of $7,000, and she belonged to him when she trotted her celebrated matches against Geo. N. Patchen, Princess and John Morgan. He was a man of generous feeling, liberal in his disposition, a warm supporter of the Trotting Turf, and, besides Flora, possessed several very fast horses.

The greatest and most important trot of the season, and the most eventful that had ever before been witnessed on the classic trotting turf of Long Island, was the memorable sweepstakes race for the Association purse of $1000 added to an inside sweepstakes of $250 each, which came off on the Fashion Course, Sept. 21st, in the presence of the largest assemblage ever witnessed on that fashionable track. The entries were Mr. Genet's b. g. General Butler, Mr. Mead's s. g. John Morgan, Mr. Beckwith's b. g. Prince, Mr. Petty's s. m. Lady Emma, and Mr. Simmons' br. s. Robert Fillingham; the latter, however, had been taken out of training, thus increasing vastly the interest attached to the race. Never before in the annals of American trotting had four such fleet trotters met together to contend for the sceptre of the turf as the above-named horses. General Butler's performance of trotting one mile under saddle in 2:21 stood unequalled on the time record, while his recent victory over Fillingham and Morgan, at mile heats in harness, had greatly increased his fame. Lady Emma, that handsome daughter of Jupiter, had also made her mark on the record, having in her great match against Jilt, a year before, to wagons, trotted the second heat in 2:29¾, and had, during the summer season, defeated in three straight heats such first-class horses as May Queen and Dan Mace in 2:27¼; 2:27¼; 2:29¾. Prince, the Hartford horse, had a high reputation for speed and bottom, and his mile time record of 2:24 over the Fashion Course, in harness, was better than that of any of his competitors. The slashing Kentucky gelding John Morgan was a horse of acknowledged speed and endurance, as had been proved in his memorable matches against the little mare Flora Temple. The race itself was productive of the most intense excitement. Gen. Butler won the first and second heats in 2:27¾; 2:27; but want of condition told upon him, and his bolt was shot. The three succeeding heats were won by Prince in 2:28¾; 2:30¾; 2:30¼; Lady Emma being second in each heat, and John Morgan distanced in the fourth heat.

Exactly a week afterwards, the same quartette of horses met again on the same Course, to trot for a similar purse and sweepstakes of $1000 and $250 each; the race this time being mile heats, to wagons. Fillingham also was entered, and appeared upon the track, and scored several times, but his lameness becoming manifest, he was withdrawn. Lady Emma showed in much superior condition to the preceding week, and her trainer, Hiram Woodruff, expressed the strongest confidence that she could beat all her opponents. General Butler was far from being up to the mark, and his party had very slight hopes. Prince looked and went well, and the general impression was that the race would lay between him and Lady Emma. This opinion proved correct, as they came in first and second in each heat, Lady Emma winning cleverly in three straight heats, in 2:27¾; 2:26¼; 2:26¾. Butler was distanced in the third heat.

An attempt to rival, and indeed surpass, the great achievements of Trustee and Lady Fulton in trotting twenty miles in one h

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!---No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ..... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4816, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.
All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 35-tf

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Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
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HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS O. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

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Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

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Refreshments at all hours.
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ED. LOWERY,
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Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
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M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

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PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday and Monday Evenings free, commencing at 8, P. M., under the superintendance of JOHNNY LAZARUS and BARRY, THE KID.
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17 OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

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ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.
N. E. Corner of 4th and Lombard sts., Phila. 36-4t*

END OF THE DUNN AND DWYER MATCH—NO FIGHT.—People seem to have lost all interest in pugilistic matches, as there's been nothing but fizzles and forfeits instead of fights the past six months. The last has ended as unsatisfactory as the rest, owing to the arrest and binding over of Billy Dwyer to keep the peace for one year. There was no truth in the report that Dunn had been arrested, for as soon as he heard that he was "wanted," he took his hook for Philadelphia, where he staid until the evening of the 13th. A correspondent writing from thence on the 14th inst., gives the following particulars relative to Dunn's course of action on the memorable 13th:—"The match arranged to take place between Dunn and Dwyer was to have come off on the 13th between the hours of ten and two o'clock. The place selected was a very suitable one, situate about a mile and a half from the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad, at Claymont Station, and near the boundary line between the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware. Dunn was on hand fully prepared to act his part in the anticipated contest, and a twenty-four feet square ring, made in accordance with the regulations governing such matters, having been put up, about five or ten minutes before two o'clock Dunn entered the ring, in the presence of about one hundred spectators. He remained there until some ten or fifteen minutes after two o'clock, awaiting the appearance of Dwyer, who, however, failed to show up. Dunn having fulfilled all his part of the contract, as far as was possible for him to do so under the circumstances, withdrew from the ring and claimed the stakes, owing to Dwyer having failed to appear. The party assembled then dispersed in an orderly and quiet manner, most of them returning to Philadelphia on the next train on the Baltimore railroad. Dunn arrived in the Quaker City by a private conveyance the same evening, and left again by the Owl Train for New York."

TOM O'DONNELL'S BENEFIT THURSDAY NIGHT.—A few more days and we shall have the O'Donnell Complimentary right down upon us, as it is set apart for Thursday, 22d inst., at the well-known old Stuyvesant, and there not having been any benefit of any great importance there for some time, everything looks rosy for a packed house, weather or no weather. This is the night when Coburn and Davis give their long-promised set-to, and from outside talk, we have every reason to expect that it will be hot. Independent of this, the Roman-nosed gladiator will have a box with some other big man, so that he will have his hands full for once. There will be no reserved-seat humbug arrangement; but the charge is $1 to all parts of the house, which Tom's friends will not look at twice, you may depend, but go right in.

BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA.—Lieut. Patrick Brannagan, of Spinola's Brigade, left this city on the 19th inst., in the steamer Golden Rule, direct for California. The Lieutenant is better known as Scotty of Brooklyn, the famous light weight champion and conqueror of Young Barney Aaron and others, and although he goes on a mere pleasure visit and to see the country, he may be induced to try his hand out there if a suitable match can be procured. There will be considerable of a stir, we take it, when Scotty makes his first appearance among the San Franciscans, as few men with a better reputation than he takes along have visited the gold regions in some years. The weather, and the fact that but few knew of his intentions, prevented many from going down to the steamer to see him off.

A ROPED RING FOR SPARRING has been erected in the large room attached to the California Exchange, 428 Broome street, for the free use of amateurs and others, under the conductorship of Johnny Lazarus and Barry the Kid.

PUGILISTIC AFFAIRS AT VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.—Hugh O'Neil and Con Orem made good their second deposit on Tuesday, Nov. 15, and agreed to vary the articles of agreement so far as to change the day for the fight from February 5th, as originally intended, to New Year's day—and further, that the whole of the ring money be fought for, and become the property of the winner.

JO. RILEY VS. TOM FOSTER.—A match has been made between these two men; Foster conceiving that he is able to compel the elevation of Riley's sponge, which opinion not being received as orthodox by the Emeralder, hence ariseth the present match. $50 aside have been put up. The present arrangement is that the fight shall come off at Bannack, but Riley intends offering Foster $200 as an inducement to fight in the same ring as Con Orem and Hugh O'Neil. Foster says in a card dated Bannack City, Nov. 7th, 1864, to the editor of the Montana *Post*, "Seeing in your paper under date of November 4th, an article headed 'A Challenge,' in which Joseph Riley offers to fight me 'a fair stand up fight anywhere within one hundred miles of this (Virginia) city for any amount not less than one thousand dollars,' you will please announce that I will fight Joseph Riley 'a fair stand up fight' for the sum of one thousand dollars, within two miles of Bannack City, and at a date not later than two weeks from December 20th, 1864. Should Joseph Riley agree to meet me as per above, the first instalment of $250, shall be deposited in your office on or before the 14th day of November, 1864.

VERDICT—FELL WITHOUT A BLOW.—On Monday, Nov. 28, the admirers of a mill wended their way twenty miles to witness the fight, at catch-weight, between Bill Webster and Bill Hague, both of Sheffield, for £10 a side. Each had appeared before in the roped arena, the former having defeated Bant Rhodes twice last year. Hague had also performed, and with varied success, but not of late. The morning was as disagreeable as could well be imagined; rain fell in torrents the whole time, which rendered the ring during the fight a perfect quagmire. The men, who were seconded by friends, opened the ball at twelve minutes past ten, and for half an hour the fight was of a good give-and-take description, the betting being even. They fought at such a pace, that with each in turn it was a case of "bellows to mend." Hague, however, began to fight sulkily, and gradually more unsatisfactorily, so much so that the referee had to warn him frequently for going down without a blow. He would persist in his slippery tactics, and in the seventy-third round he was decimed the loser for so doing. Hague got the first blood in the first round, and Webster the first knock-down blow in the third round. The affair lasted 1h 15min.

ANOTHER FIGHT FOR £30, BETWEEN ASHMORE AND SHORT, took place in the same district on Nov. 28, at 8st 6lbs, for £15 a side. The battle-ground was chosen some sixteen miles from Sheffield. Ashmore won the fight in seventeen rounds, 19min, in consequence of Short suspiciously refusing to fight any more when it was any odds on him.

THE PLYMOUTH RING.—A fight took place on Nov. 23d, between Barney Brown of Plymouth, and Styles, of the same place. The battle was fought at Lipson, and was for £5 a side. Barney was seconded by Jack Ryan and Bill Boolden; while Styles was attended by G. Gepson and J. Mitchell. On the men stripping, there was a vast disparity in size, Brown being nearly 2st the heaviest man. They commenced at 8 A. M., and fought 2h 5min. In the twenty-second and last round, Brown fell with his knees upon the chest of Styles, who, upon being carried to his corner, threw up a large quantity of blood. Gepson seeing it useless to prolong the contest, threw up the sponge, and Brown was hailed the winner.

A GAME BATTLE between Posh Price and Parkinson, at catch weight, for £30, came off on Nov. 29th, in the Birmingham district, at Barnet Green, near Redditch, and one of the gamest battles witnessed for a long time in the Midlands was the result, Posh being declared the winner, after the men had contested forty-two rounds in 1h 47min. From the first round to the last, Price took a decided lead, and fearfully punished his man, without certainly receiving anything like an adequate return. We shall give full particulars in next week's CLIPPER.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—Nothing further of importance has transpired in respect to this forthcoming event. Travers reports most favorably of the Nottingham man (Marsden), who is busy as possible in his cozy country quarters. Rumour does not appear to favor Wormald so warmly, as there have been insinuations afloat doubting his abstemiousness.

THE LATE ENGLISH, IRISH, AMERICAN PUGILISTIC EVENT, in which Joe Coburn and Jem Mace were the principals, is still a theme for grumbling about by the British Lion through its sporting press. Coburn's challenge to any man breathing, as first published in the CLIPPER, had been received, and was copied into the *Sporting Life* of Nov. 30th, prefaced by the following comments: "We had hoped that this affair and all its belongings had been buried in oblivion, instead of which we find that immediately Coburn returns to America he endeavours to rile up Mace again by a bombastic challenge to fight in Canada. Had Coburn been willing to fight Mace at all, he could have done so by agreeing recently to a spot where the battle could have been brought off in safety. As he felt disinclined to do so, only one construction can be put upon his evasive and slippery conduct. It may be as well to remark that while Coburn indulged in his buncomb he willingly allowed Davis to hang fire and back out of the match. Here is his letter to Mace, and a nice bit of Bowery tall talk it is."

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARD MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA.
VICTOR ESTEPHE THE WINNER.

THE match between Victor Estephe, of Philadelphia, the winner of the champion cue in the late tournament, and Robert T. Ryall, the superintendent of the Continental Hotel Billiard Rooms in that city, came off on Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th, in the Sansom Street Music Hall. Ryall, it will be remembered, was one of the competitors in the state tournament for the championship, but being dissatisfied with the result, he immediately challenged the victor, Estephe, to another trial of skill, and placed the usual stake ($100) in the hands of Mr. C. Bird, the game to be 1200 points, on a Phelan & Collender standard American carom table, with 2⅜ inch balls, the push shot barred. As this was the first grand match for the championship of the state since the tournament, it naturally created a great degree of interest in billiard circles, and the attendance of the lovers of the game, both amateur and professional, was very large. New York was represented by Mr. Michael Phelan, and Connecticut by its billiard champion, Mr. G. B. Hubbell. The former gentleman was mutually elected to officiate as referee, Mr. E. Nelms acting as umpire for Mr. Estephe, and Captain Day for Mr. Ryall. The betting showed Mr. Estephe to be considerably the favorite, although it was known that he had been suffering from sickness for some days previously, and the effects of which were manifest towards the close of the game. Previous to the commencement of the match, Mr. Nelmes offered to lay $1000 to $600 on Estephe, but this meeting with no response, he offered $1000 to $400 with no better success. The victory of Estephe seemed to be a foregone conclusion, and consequently there was very little betting, and what there was, was confined to the number of points that the game would be won by.

The game commenced at eight o'clock, Ryall winning the lead, and playing his ball in the right hand lower corner of the table, but did not gain a safe position, as Estephe scored two carons, and then missed an easy shot, as did Ryall also, after a run of 19. Estephe then gradually drew ahead, and when game was called, the scores stood—Estephe, 1200; Ryall, 966; the former thus winning by 234 points. In the latter part of the game, Estephe fell off materially in his play, which, however, may be attributable to the effects of his sickness, and Ryall, who played his up-hill game with great pluck and perseverance, gained considerably. The latter was very unfortunate in the beginning of the game, his ball kissing repeatedly, and preventing hits counting. The match occupied exactly three hours and fifty minutes. The winner's average was 10.71, and highest run 60; Ryall's average was 8.70, and highest run 76. The latter manifested a great improvement in his play since the tournament, and with patience and practice he may still attain the object of his ambition, the possession of the Champion billiard cue of the Keystone State. Appended is the score:

Estephe—5 5 20 4 6 1 0 13 2 10 2 6 18 22 51 11 2 0 21 35 0 5 2 7 46 0 13 0 36-2 49 5 0 8 0 25 12 18 34 0 5 8 23 16 14 27 18 6 3 4 10 17 0 0 2 7 5 23 0 19 3 33 2 8 5 23 0 4 13 60 5 7 29 2 0 9 5 2 21 39 10 3 34 13 5 2 0 8 0 6 21 0 0 2 2 7 0 6 0 0 22 8 0 10 2 2 16 10 13 14 0 6 11; total—1201.
Ryall—19 15 3 6 *0 13 †8 0 2 0 2 0 6 12 14 4 7 2 15 8 24 9 23 0 ‡13 0 8 0 7 0 0 0 8 0 4 8 33 0 8 3 11 13 15 19 17 0 9 0 35 76 12 10 0 13 2 0 0 3 3 4 9 15 14 2 0 4 5 0 25 5 0 18 18 16 7 0 39 0 7 0 18 9 0 6 7 0 0 14 21 6 7 2 6 43 4 3 2 9 9 3 6 13 5 10 20 0 3 10 4 3 28; total—966.
*Miss. †Miss Cue. ‡Masse.

MATCH ARRANGED.—In our last issue we announced that the Western billiard champion, our old friend Phil Tieman, had accepted Goldthwaite's challenge to play a match at the American four ball carom game with any man in America for the sum of $2500 a side, on condition that the match was played in Cincinnati. Goldthwait agreed to do so, provided Tieman would allow him $250 for expenses, or he would allow the same sum for the match to come off in this city. We are now glad to be able to announce that Tieman has signified his willingness to allow Goldthwait the above amount for expenses, and nothing now remains to be arranged except the naming of the day. Goldthwait suggests that some time in April be fixed upon, and we hope next week to be able to state the precise date for the match. Several of our New York and Philadelphia billiardists propose visiting the "Queen City" on the occasion, and we are assured that they will be received with a hearty welcome and that courteous hospitality for which our Cincinnati billiard friends are famous. The sum of $250 a side as forfeit, is now in the hands of the stakeholder.

APPEAL TO BILLIARD SYMPATHY.—We regret to learn that the widow of the late well-known brilliard professional, Mr. Joseph White, who met his death by being run over by a Broadway stage, is at present in a state of great distress and poverty. It will be remembered that, soon after his death, through the exertions of Mr. Michael Phelan, who is always one of the foremost in promoting deeds of charity, a tournament of the leading billiard artists in the country was held in Irving Hall, the proceeds of which were handed over to the widow of their deceased confrere. Through sickness, misfortune, and the expenses of a large family, the charitable fund thus realised from this tournament has become exhausted, and Mrs. White is again plunged into deep poverty and distress. Under these painful circumstances we appeal to the sympathies of the lovers of the noble game, and especially of billiard professionals, to take measures for assisting the widow and family of one of their own class, and with whom they were attached by ties of friendship. There is no class of men who possess warmer hearts and more generous sympathies, or who are more ready to aid in every good work of charity than the members of the billiard profession, and we are assured that this particular case only requires to be brought before their notice to ensure their co-operation and assistance. We, therefore, respectfully call the attention of the billiard artists of this city, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Detroit, and other cities to the matter, and feel assured that we shall not do so in vain.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—We learn that the victorious Estephe will not be allowed to wear his recently-won laurels undisturbed, as Mr. John Montgomery, the courteous superintendent of the St. James Hall Billiard Rooms, intends challenging for the possession of the Champion Cue. He would have formally done so immediately after the match with Ryall, but in deference to Mr. Chris Bird, who had spoken of his intention of contending for the Championship with its present holder, Victor Estephe, he had refrained from doing so, in order to give Mr. Bird the priority. We hope to learn what Mr. Bird's intentions in the matter are by next week.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—At last the day for the billiard championship between Kavanagh and Goldthwait is, we are glad to say, now definitely arranged; Wednesday, the 18th of January, being the time fixed upon to decide who is entitled to the possession of the Champion Cue. The vexatious delays and postponements which have occurred in connexion with this affair, have deprived it of nearly all the public interest usually attached to the Championship Matches.

THE DEERY AND FOSTER MATCHES.—Two matches are now arranged between John Deery, of Washington, the well known superintendent of Geary's billiard establishment in that city, and Melvin Foster, of New York. The conditions are to play two matches for two hundred and fifty dollars each match, the first to come off in Washington, and the second in this city: the four ball American carom game, on a Phelan and Collender Standard American table, with 2⅜ inch balls, 1500 points each game. Fifty dollars aside forfeit have been placed in the hands of the stakeholder.

ANOTHER BILLIARD MATCH IN BALTIMORE.—On the evening of the 12th inst., the great billiard match between Frank Parker, of Chicago, and J. W. Coon, of Cleveland, O., came off at Franklin Hall, No. 2 North street, and was witnessed by a large concourse of persons. Mr. Coon, on the 7th innings, ran 112 points, and continued to lead his opponent to the end of the game of 1,500 points, running it out in 17 innings, making an average of 19¼, which, we believe, is the "largest average on record," in a public match game of 1500 points. When within 185 points of being "game," Mr. Coon ran 273 points before missing a shot, *on the two red balls*—time, 2 hours and 25 minutes.

A GREAT BOWLING MATCH for a purse of $900, came off on November 16th at Dunbar's Saloon under Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, Cal. The contestants were Mr. John Perkins and Mr. Thomas Moore. The games were six candle-pin games and three bottle-pin games—best five in nine. Perkins bet $500 and Moore $400. The purse was won by Perkins as follows: Large pins, first game, Perkins 205, Moore 180; second do., Perkins 215, Moore 188; third do., Perkins 243, Moore 207. Straight pins, first game, Perkins 123, Moore 114; second do., Moore 113, Perkins 116; third do., Perkins 201, Moore 121. The rolling by Perkins was the best ever made on any alley in that State. The highest run heretofore made was 180. A gentleman present offered to bet Perkins that he could not repeat the last rolling. After the grand match the same parties "rolled off" in a little game for $20. Moore lost about $900 outside of the bet with Perkins, making his aggregate of stakes lost about $600. A considerable amount changed hands outside.

CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.—The California Cricketers live in clover, if we may use the expression, as they can play at their favorite game, owing to the genial climate, almost "all the year round." Even winter has no terrors for them, for by recent exchanges we see that the Pioneer and San Francisco clubs were to play a match on November 24th. Are they not to be envied? We see too, that they have the good sense to commence play "bright and early," as the time for pitching wickets was fixed for 8:30 A. M. We cannot help but think that our cricketers might copy them in this respect. Were they to do so, and avoid unnecessary delays, almost any of our now two days matches might be comfortably concluded in one day.

A PRETTY PAIR.—Charles J. Jordan and Willard Eddy have been arrested for disturbing a congregation at West Coventry, R. I., on the 11th inst. They took their seats in the body of the church, and, after service commenced, produced a pack of cards and carried on a game with obscene and blasphemous conversation.

EXTREMELY POLITE.—"May I leave some tracts?" asked a missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks?—certainly you may," said she, looking at him over her spectacles, "leave them with the heel towards the house, if you please."

HOW A HORSE RESEMBLES A MAN.—A hungry man is unmanageable. To be docile, he must, like a horse, have first had a bit in in his mouth.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
GRAND CONCERT
GIVEN BY THE
MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS' ASSOCIATION,
on
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 24,
when
THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
WILL ASSIST.
TICKET OFFICES,
NO. 223 BROADWAY,
and
NO. 544 BROADWAY,
NOW OPEN.
TICKETS ONE DOLLAR,
Each purchaser of which secures a present ranging in value FROM $1 TO $500.
37-1t* E. H. ELIAS, Actuary.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
37 AND 39 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY,
Directly opposite the Old Bowery Theatre.
GEO. LEA.....Proprietor.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL THEATRE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
GEO. LEA.....Proprietor.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
GEO. LEA.....Proprietor.

Performers of talent always wanted for the above establishments. Engagements for one year or longer guaranteed to performers to play in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, and New Orleans. Address all communications to GEO. LEA, Canterbury,
Washington, D. C.

A First Class Lady Vocalist wanted immediately for Washington; also three or four Good Ethiopian Performers. Address as above, or to CONNER & LEA'S
Dramatic and Musical Agency,
25 West Houston st., N. Y.

Ballet Girls wanted at the following prices, viz.: for New York, $15 per week; for Washington, $35 per week; for Alexandria, $25; for New Orleans, $30. 36-tf

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.
MONDAY, DEC. 19, 1864,
THIRTY-SECOND WEEK OF ROBERT HELLER.
187th to 192 Night of his Performances in New York.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
FIRST NIGHT OF HELLER'S PROGRAMME No. 4.
PART I—NEW ILLUSIONS.
ILLUSION 1—The Winged Cards, or Hearts in a Hurry and Diamonds Deranged.
ILLUSION 2—How a Turtle Dove Wore a Wedding Ring.
ILLUSION 3—The Drawing Room Der Freischutz.
ILLUSION 4—The Conformable Cones and Obedient Oranges.
ILLUSION 5—Broth from Below in a Silver Basin.
PART II—MUSIC.
NEW PIANOFORTE SOLOS BY ROBERT HELLER.
1. Fantasia, "Don Giovanni".....Thalberg
2. "Laughing Waters".....R. Heller
INTERLUDE.
SOLOS ON THE ENGLISH CONCERTINA BY MR. SEDGWICK.
After which, the new HELLER-RAVEL PANTOMIME, entitled HARLEQUIN SANTA CLAUS AND THE MAGIC CLOSET, with
NEW SCENERY, NEW CLOWN,
NEW DRESSES, NEW HARLEQUIN,
NEW MACHINERY, NEW COLUMBINE,
NEW TRICKS and CHANGES, NEW WITCH,
NEW MUSIC, NEW DEMON,
NEW MIS-EN SCENE, NEW SPIRIT, and a BRAN-NEW SANTA CLAUS.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8. The whole performance will also be given at the Matinee on Dec. 24.

CONNER & LEA'S DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL AGENCY, PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
25 WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
J. N. BERTHIAUME, Box 5144, P. O., CHICAGO.
W. C. SMYTHE, BURNETT HOUSE, CINCINNATI.
A. A. BRAIDWOOD, 132 PEARL STREET, BALTIMORE.
P. C. RICHARDSON, ST. LOUIS. 37-4to

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Binghampton.
Wanted A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY AND ORCHESTRA, to open on or about Dec. 29th. Apply to
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
25 West Houston street, New York.
☞ Any other parties claiming to act for the above establishment are impostors. STARS liberally treated with. 37

NOTICE TO MANAGERS AND PROFESSIONALS.—JOHN C. RIVERS' GREAT NECROMANTIC DANCE, now playing with Tilbottson's Octoplexara. Any one wishing to procure this great sensation and original Dance, can do so by applying to John C. Rivers, as he has the only right in the country. Address by mail, care of FRANK EDWARDS,
37-1t* Campbell's Minstrels, Bowery, New York.

TO EQUESTRIANS. --- WANTED, SPANISH CLOWN and EQUESTRIANS for ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S CIRCUS, in the West Indies. Apply to CONNER & LEA,
37 25 West Houston street, New York.

WM. MESTAYER, Griswold Hall, Troy, N. Y.—Be sure and let me hear from you early this week. You know what I mean. CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
37c 25 West Houston street, New York.

MINSTREL WIGS FOR END MEN, SINGERS, MUSICIANS, etc., at $3 a piece. Sent to any part of the country on receipt of price. Address
PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker,
37-1t* 15 West Houston street, New York.

JAS. S. WIBIRT & CO.,
DRAMATIC, MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN AGENTS,
512 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Managers and artists of the above professions will find it to their advantage to call or send their addresses to our office.
N. B.—All properties pertaining to the profession, Wardrobe, Wigs, Scenery, Printing, &c., furnished at the shortest notice.
Young Ladies for the Ballet Wanted. Apply from 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. 37-1t*

"ANONYMOUS," Cincinnati.---No, we are not connected in any way with any New Agency, either in this or your city. We do not allow our agents to extort $5 entrance fees from performers, or to advertise for Female Actresses, *a la* your Davis & Co. arrangement. The names of our Branch Agents will be found in another card in this paper.
CONNER & LEA, Dramatic Agents,
37 25 West Houston street, New York.

PANORAMA OF SCOTLAND!!!---FOUR VO-CALISTS (three Ladies and one Gentleman), who are well up in the popular Songs and Quartettes of the day, both comic and sentimental, and who have the above Panorama, which has never been exhibited on this continent, are desirous of making arrangements with some respectable party who has some capital to start with. One Lady also acts as Pianist. Apply to CONNER & LEA, or address R. NEWTON, Montreal, C. E. 37-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
JOHNNY BOOKER
has proved a trump card, and in conjunction with
W. S. BUDWORTH and NED DAVIS,
And the other Comedians of the Troupe,
KEEP A CONSTANT SMILE
(BROAD LAUGH) on the
PHIZES OF THEIR AUDIENCE.
BIG THING ALL THIS WEEK,
To get everybody in
A GOOD HUMOR FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

IF YOU WISH A HEARTY LAUGH,
VISIT CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
ON FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 23,
BENEFIT OF EDDY GARLAND.
Look out for Uncle Ed's Programme!
GREAT ATTRACTION,
COMMENCING CHRISTMAS DAY.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager.....MR. N. B. CLARKE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY,
December 19, 20, and 21, 1864,
HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS,
IMMENSE DRAMAS!
THE UNAPPROACHABLE
TIGHT ROPE PERFORMER
and
DANSEUSE,
M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL.
GEORGE BARRINGTON, THE GENTLEMAN HIGHWAYMAN.
THE CHARCOAL MAN.
GHOST OF A DUTCHMAN.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager..... G. L. FOX.
MAGNIFICENT BILL OF FARE.
MISS FANNY HERRING
WILL PERSONATE
SIX DIFFERENT CHARACTERS
IN THE
SUPERNATURAL DRAMA OF
SATAN IN PARIS;
OR,
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.
MR. G. L. FOX IN COMEDY.
J. B. STUDLEY,
J. McCLOSKEY,
W. H. CHAPMAN.
The Nautical Drama of
PAUL JONES,
THE PILOT OF THE GERMAN OCEAN.
WM. ST. MAUR,
HARRY CHAPMAN,
THE FULL COMPANY. MISS R. DENVIL,
37

IMPROMPTU.
BY W. B. HARRISON.
When men wore wigs in olden times,
And poet's brains produced fresh rhymes,
Shakespere—the poet of the nation—
In his time caused a great sensation
At Stratford on Avon—that hallow'd spot—
But never heard of PAUL DE SPOTTE,
The greatest WIG MAKER in the world.
Of hair that's straight, or plain, or curl'd,
He makes all wigs of the richest sort;
To dress for Stage, Drawing Room, or Court;
He lives WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK,
Near Broadway, a half minute's walk,
NUMBER 15—on the left hand side—
The sign board just the door beside;
Has a stock of WIGS, of various kinds,
Which he keeps on show, to suit all minds;
To suit them well he will engage;
WHITE HAIR WIGS, ECCENTRIC, CROP,
DRESS, BAG, KING LEAR, and BALD AT TOP,
LADY TEAZLE, HALF BALD, COMBINATION,
COMIC WIGS, YANKEE and NEW SENSATION,
BROWN GEORGE, RICHARD 3d and CHINESE,
COUNTRY BOYS, INDIANS, all tastes to please.
The kind of wigs used by a clown,
SKULL CAPS, FIERY RED or BROWN.
De Spotte learned his art in a Paris school,
Can dress a wise man or a fool;
In MINSTREL WIGS he is superior,
While others make so much inferior,
He makes the Ethiopian WENCH or FANCY,
To suit young Pompey or Miss Nancy.
Real human hair, that's frizzed so full,
Takes the place of Negro wool,
Cut off when life is full of vigor,
Makes the white man look the nigger.
To suit the ladies and all the girls
De Spotte makes the very best of CURLS,
For be they short or be they tall
Has them in Curls, or Waterfall;
He employs good artists at high wages,
Manufactures BEARDS to suit all ages.
THE WHITE, THE BROWN, THE BLACK, THE GREY,
Metamorphose you by night or day;
SIDE WHISKERS, too, and gay MOUSTACHE,
For those who like to cut a dash.
Send your orders by the mail,
To execute which he will not fail;
And if your judgment you would assist
Just write to him for a PRINTED LIST
OF PRICES—which read at leisure,
Then afterwards you can send your measure,
Which take by applying around the head
So many inches, by tape or thread.
Be sure you send to him the color,
For some hair is bright and some is duller;
And don't forget to send the length,
So that the wig may receive its strength.
Enclose in a letter a small deposit,
You'll have your turn and will not lose it,
Give the place, the county and date,
He will express it to any State,
Well pack'd to you in handsome livery,
Or you may pay the express on delivery;
One word more—mustn't be forgot—
Address your letters to PAUL DE SPOTTE,
47-1t* 15 West Houston street, New York.

CAUTION TO MANAGERS.---Having been re-peatedly swindled by unprincipled parties calling themselves Actors, I am determined henceforth to advertise all such. In May last I advanced $10 to a Mr. FRANK BOSWORTH, of Detroit, to bring him to this place; I believe he used the money to take him to Milwaukee, and when I request him to refund, he writes me that he will "smack my jaw" when he meets me; therefore I anticipate a treat, but things may be a little lively about that time.
On Monday, Dec. 5th, I sent $20 to Mr. Berthiaume, Theatrical Agent, Chicago, to bring on a Mr. J. P. ARTHUR, an Englishman. Mr. A. came, and remained but a few hours in the city, borrowing a little money from one member of the company, and a few props from another, and then left. CHARLES PLUNKETT,
Manager New Theatre,
37-1t Fort Wayne, Ind.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.
J. H. CHILDERS,
THE MUSKET DRILL MAN,
Run away from Newcomb's Minstrels without giving a moment's notice; name on the bill three weeks in advance—being in debt to the manager for the clothes he had on his back. In passing through the different towns where the said Childers was to appear, I ascertained his reasons for absconding. In Lafayette he duped the public to the amount of $200. He advertised a company to appear, when he had none; took the money at the door, leaving the audience sitting, and skedaddled. In Indianapolis, was anxiously enquired for by the military authorities. In Louisville, was looked for by the detectives for stealing a fine overcoat when last there, besides many other such acts of rascality committed by this adventurer; and while he was with my company, I must say, proved himself to be the most low flung, contemptible and disgraceful being that ever mortal man could be. I publish this Dead Beat in order that other managers may not be imposed upon. W. W. NEWCOMB,
37-2t* Newcomb's Minstrels.

MR. CHARLES LASCELLES, VOCALIST, will please send his address to CAMPBELL & CASTLE'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE, Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E.
37-1t FRANK RIVERS, Manager.

A BOY 17 YEARS OF AGE would like to learn the MINSTREL BUSINESS. Would like to become the pupil of some Comedian. Can give Song and Dance. Address, stating particulars, care of P. Winn, for J. WINN,
37-1t* 147 Jay street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONNER & LEA'S DRAMATIC, MUSICAL AND ORIGINAL VARIETIES AGENCY,
25 WEST HO

THE PERSEVERING SWAIN;

AND

Woman's "Resolution."

I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green;
And his name it is not charming,
It is only common Bill,
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

Oh, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
And it seemed so very silly,
That I almost fell asleep.
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think we will.

He told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think? the fellow
Tumbled down upon his knees:
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night to see me,
But he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At first I learned to hate him,
And now I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I would not choose him,
But the very deuce is in it,
For he says if I refuse him,
He could not live a minute.
Now you know the blessed Bible
Says we must not kill,
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.

THE CAVE OF GUILLOTIN;

OR,

The Resort of French Roughs and Thieves.

BY VIDOCQ.

I do not think that amongst the readers of these Memoirs one will be found who, even by a chance, has set foot at Guillotin's, an unsophisticated adulterer of wines, whose establishment, well known to the most degraded classes of robbers, is situate opposite to the Cloaque Desnoyers, which the raff of the Barriere call the drawing-room of la Courtille. A workman may be honest to a certain extent, and venture in, *en passant*, to papa Desnoyers. If he be *awake*, and keep his eye on the company, although a row should commence, he may, by the aid of the gendarmes, escape with only a few blows, and pay no one's scot but his own. At Guillotin's he will not come off so well, particularly if his *toggery* be over spruce, and his *pouch* has *chink* in it.

Picture to yourself, reader, a square room of considerable magnitude, the walls of which, once white, have been blackened by every species of exhalation. Such is, in all its simple modesty, the aspect of a temple consecrated to the worship of Bacchus and Terpsichore. At first, by a very natural optical illusion, we are struck at the confined space before us, but the eye, after a time, piercing through the thick atmosphere of a thousand vapors which are most inodorous, the extent becomes visible by details which escape in the first chaotic glimpse. It is the moment of creation, all is bright, the fog disappears, becomes peopled, is animated, forms appear, they move, they are agitated, they are no illusory shadows, but, on the contrary, essentially material, which cross and recross at every moment. What beatitudes! what a joyous life! Never, even for the Epicureans, were so many felicities assembled together. Those who like to wallow in filth, can find it here to their hearts' content: many seated at table, on which without ever being wiped away, are renewed a hundred times a day the most disgusting libations, close in a square space reserved for what they call the dancers. At the further end of this infected cave there is, supported by four worm-eaten pillars, a sort of alcove, constructed from broken up ship-timber, which is graced by the appearance of two or three rags of old tapestry. It is on this chicken coop that the music is perched: two clarionets, a hurdy-gurdy, a cracked trumpet, and a grumbling bassoon—five instruments whose harmonious movements are regulated by the crutch of Monsieur Double-Croche, a lame dwarf, who is called the leader of the orchestra. Here all is harmony—the faces, costumes, the food that is prepared; a genteel appearance is scouted. There is no closet in which walking sticks, umbrellas, and cloaks are deposited; the women have their hair all in confusion like a poodle dog, and the kerchief perched on the top of the head, or in a knot tied in front, with the corners in a rosette, or, if you prefer it, a cockade, which threatens the eye in the same manner as those of the country mules. As for the men, it is a waistcoat with a cap and falling collar, if they have a shirt, which is the regulated costume; breeches are not insisted on; the supreme bon ton would be an artilleryman's cap, the frock of an huzzar, the pantaloons of a lancer, the boots of a guardsman—in fact, the cast-off attire of three or four regiments, or the wardrobe of a field of battle; and there is no *out-and-outer* thus attired but he is a *fancy man* of these ladies, who adore the cavalry, and have a decided taste for the dress of the whole army; but nothing so much pleases them as mustachios, and a broad red cap adorned with leather of the same color.

In this assembly a beaver hat, unless napless and brimless, would be very rare; no one ever remembers to have seen a coat there, and should any one dare to present himself in a great coat, unless a *family man*, he would be sure to depart skirtless, or only in his waistcoat. In vain would he ask pardon for those flaps which had offended the eyes of the noble assembly; too happy would he be if, after having been bandied and knocked about with the utmost unanimity as a greenhorn, only one skirt should be left in the hands of these youthful beauties.

Desnoyers' is the resort of the lower orders; but before stepping over the threshold of the cabaret of Guillotin, even the canaille themselves look twice; as in this repository are only to be seen prostitutes with their bullies, pickpockets and thieves of all classes, some *prigs* of the lowest grade, and many of those nocturnal marauders who divide their existence into two parts, consecrating it to the duties of theft and riot. It may be supposed that slang is the only language in this delightful society: it is generally in French, but so perverted from its primitive signification, that there is not a member of the distinguished "company of forty" who can flatter himself with a full knowledge of it, and yet the "dons of Guillotin's" have their jurists; those who assert that slang took its rise in the East, and without thinking for a moment of disputing their talent as Orientalists, they take that title to themselves without any ceremony, as also that of Argonauts, when they have completed their studies under the direction of the galley serjeants, in working, in the port of Toulon, the dormant navigation on board a vessel in dock. If notes were pleasing to me, I could here seize the opportunity of making some very learned remarks. I should, perhaps, go into a profound disquisition, but I am about to paint the paradise of these bacchanalians; the colors are prepared—let us finish the picture.

If they drink at Guillotin's, they eat also, and the mysteries of the kitchen of this place of delights are well worthy of being known. The little Father Guillotin has no butcher, but he has a purveyor; and in his brass stewpans, the verdigris of which never poisons, the dead horse is transformed into beef a la mode, the thighs of the dead dogs found in Rue Guenegaud become legs of mutton from the salt marshes; and the magic of a piquant sauce gives to the *staggering bob* (dead born veal) of the cow feeder the appetizing look of that of Pontoise. We are told that the cheer in winter is excellent, when the rot prevails; and if ever bread were scarce in summer during the "massacre of the innocents," mutton was to be had here at a very cheap rate.

In this country of metamorphoses the hare never had the right of citizenship; it was compelled to yield to the rabbit, and the rabbit—how happy the rats are!

"O fortunati nimium—si norint."

It was the domine of St. Maude who taught me this quotation; he told me it was Latin, perhaps it may be Greek or Hebrew; no matter, I leave it, come what may, to the will of God; but still, if the rats could ever have seen what I have seen, unless they had been an ingrate and perverse race, they would have opened a subscription for the erection of a statue to the *Liberator*, little Father Guillotin.

One evening, led by my inclination, which a good Frenchman always follows, I went out; in my road I accidentally pushed against a door; it gave way, and by the freshness of the air I found I was in a court. The place was propitious, and I groped along until I made a trip over some paving stones which had been left in the way. I stretched out my arms to recover myself, and whilst with one hand I grasped hold of a post, I seized with the other something very soft and very long. I was in darkness, but fancied I saw several sparks shining, and by the touch I thought I recognized a certain velvet appendage of a quadruped's vertebral column. I kept hold of a bunch of it, and drawing it through my hand, there remained a packet of spoils, with which I entered the room at the very moment when M. Double-Croche, pointing out the figures to the dancers, was howling out *"la queue du chat"*—the cat's tail.

It needs not to be asked how very *apropos* this was. There was throughout the assembly a general mewing, but it was only a joke. The lovers of fricassee mewed like the rest, and after having taken their caps off, they said, "Come on, here is the good stuff! Covered by cat-skin, and fed on cats, we shall not soon be in want; the mother of tom cats is not yet dead."

Father Guillotin consumed generally more oil than cotton, but I can nevertheless affirm that in my time some banquets have been spread at his cabaret, which, subtracting the liquids, could not have cost more at the Cafe Riche or at Grignon's. I remember six individuals, named Draincourt, Vilattes, Pitroux, and three others, who found means to spend 166 francs there in one night. In fact, each of them had with him his favorite *bella*. The citizen no doubt pretty well fleeced them, but they did not complain, and that quarter of an hour which Rabelais had so much difficulty in passing, caused them no trouble; they paid like grandees, without forgetting the waiter. I apprehended them whilst they were paying the bill, which they had not even taken the trouble of examining. Thieves are generous when they are caught "i' the vein." They had just committed many considerable robberies, which they are now repenting of in the Bagnes of France.

It can scarcely be believed that in the centre of civilization there can exist a den so hideous as the cave of Guillotin; it must be seen, as I have seen it, to be believed. Men or women all smoked as they danced, the pipe passed from mouth to mouth, and the most refined gallantry that could be offered to the nymphs who came to this rendezvous, to display their graces in the postures and attitudes of the indecent Chahut, was, to offer them the *pruneau*—that is, the quid of tobacco—submitted or not, according to the degree of familiarity, to the test of a previous mastication. The peace officers and inspectors were characters too greatly distinguished to appear amongst such an assemblage. They kept themselves most scrupulously aloof, to avoid so repugnant a contact. I myself was much disgusted with it, but at the same time was persuaded that to discover and apprehend malefactors, it would not do to wait until they should come and throw themselves into my arms. I therefore determined to seek them out, and that my searches might not be fruitless, I endeavored to find out their haunts, and then, like a fisherman who has found a preserve, I cast my line out with a certainty of a bite. I did not lose my time in searching for a needle in a bottle of hay, as the saying is. When we lack water, it is useless to go to the source of a dried-up stream, and wait for a shower of rain. But to quit all metaphor and speak plainly, the spy who really means to ferret out the robbers ought, as much as possible, to dwell amongst them, that he may grasp at every opportunity which presents itself of drawing down upon their heads the sentence of the laws. Upon this principle I acted, and this caused my recruits to say that I made men robbers. I certainly have in this way made a vast many, particularly on my first connection with the police. To be continued.

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

A Reminiscence of the Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY IRENE VANSANT.

It is a cold, cloudy, autumnal day, and as I sit in my lonely room I fall to thinking—thinking of the days long past, when I was young, gay and light-hearted; for bent, wrinkled and deformed as I am, I was once young and handsome. Forty years ago—oh! how far in the past it seems—I was a bride, happy in the knowledge that I loved and was beloved in return. My husband I fondly thought was one of nature's noblemen. Tall, stately and noble-looking, he seemed born to command; and I, fool that I was, never dreamed that the form which might have graced an Apollo, was but a mask that concealed a deceitful heart, and one black with crime. One year we lived together in uninterrupted happiness. He was an actor, and stood high in his profession. Several times in the first months of our marriage I had trodden the boards, and bade fair to share his laurels, but when the manager wished to engage my services, he said, "No—he honored his wife too much to permit her to appear on the stage," and I cheerfully acquiesced in his decision. I had not yet felt the burning ambition which, when other sources of happiness were lost, became my moving spirit. But the end soon came. On the first anniversary of our marriage he was arrested for forgery, the proof too strong to admit of a doubt of guilt. Stricken by my first great grief, almost unconsciously I followed him to prison to offer what consolation I could. As I entered the cell, a woman, passing out, brushed against me. I recognized her as one who by her strangely impertinent manner towards me had often aroused my curiosity. Why had she been to my husband's prison cell? I could think of no satisfactory answer. Even as I thought I was ushered into his presence, and the doubt, the suspicion, that forgery was not his only crime, which was forming itself in my mind, fled, as I saw how pale and careworn he looked. I strove to comfort him with all the sweet phrases of our happy days. The door opened to admit a visitor. The woman whom I had before seen, entered. She advanced to his side.

"Charles," she said, "send this woman from the room, I wish to speak with you."

"Emma," said he, huskily, "leave us for a moment."

"First," I said in a calm, yet decided tone, "be kind enough to inform me what all this means. By what right do you, madam, order a wife from her husband's presence?"

"A wife! ha, ha, ha."

Her insolent, sneering tone, maddened me.

"Explain this, sir," said I, turning to Charles.

His eyes fell before my indignant gaze.

"I demand an explanation," I repeated.

"And shall have it to your satisfaction," coolly returned the woman; "this man is my lawfully wedded husband, and you are but the third victim whom he has deceived by a false marriage."

"Charles, is this true?" I chokingly whispered.

"It is," he replied.

Without a word I went out from their presence.

My sorrow was too deep for noisy demonstration. This woman, evidently low, degraded, was the wife of him whom I had believed my husband. And what then was I. This thought had not before occurred to me. I—yes, I was his victim. Oh, the agony of that moment. For hours I scarcely knew whether I was conscious, so steeped was I in misery. Then arose the desire of vengeance on him who had so deeply wronged me. For a time I sat in deep thought, and when I arose my course of action was laid out. Going to the manager of the theatre in which my husband had been employed, I found no difficulty in making an advantageous engagement. With the money thus earned I engaged the highest legal talent against the man whom I had called husband, and in two weeks from the time of his arrest he was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years. During this time I had not seen him. Had I looked upon his face, I would have faltered in my purpose. My vengeance satisfied, I cast the veil of oblivion over the past, and went forward in my new career. I succeeded beyond my expectations—wealth and honors flowed in upon me; and friends, as is always the case, were in proportion to my wealth. Long ere my most sanguine dreams had predicted, I was at the very head of my profession. I was an authoress, too; had written several successful plays; when finally the thought occurred to me to form the incidents of my own life into a play. At one time I would have shuddered at the thought of thus laying my heart open to the public gaze, but now I gloried in the self-command that would allow me to enact my life over again. The first night of representation came. The actors were all perfect in their parts, and I fairly surpassed myself. As the play progressed, peal after peal of applause rang upon the ear, and I knew that it was the greatest triumph I had ever achieved. On the second night, when I entered the theatre, the manager informed me that the leading man had been suddenly taken ill, but he had engaged a substitute—an old employee—who, he thought, could sustain the character perfectly. I did not detect the hidden meaning in his words, so with some light answer I retired to my dressing room. I did not appear until the second act. The curtain was up when I entered, and advancing towards the actor who represented Charles, I delivered the words of my part. He turned towards me, and I stood face to face with my husband. I did not scream or cry out—I was too much an actress for that; in an instant I was self-possessed again, and continued my part so calmly, that in all that crowded house not one imagined that the deepest feelings of my heart had been awakened—that I stood face to face with the man whom years before I had loved with that deep devotion of which only woman is capable—whom for deceiving me I had been instrumental in condemning to a prison for a term of years, which to me seemed like an eternity—but from which he had escaped or been pardoned. In my breast, as I met him thus unexpectedly, arose a faint glow of my former love for him, and during the pauses of the play, when he sedulously avoided me, I was building airy castles in the future, of how I should forgive him for deceiving me in consideration of his great punishment—of how we should fly to Europe, and there be happy once again, untroubled by a thought of the past. But I did not know the man whose enmity I had roused. During the play he divided the applause equally with myself, and at its close he requested an interview in the green room. I went, with the anticipation of a recognition, but when I entered I stepped back in alarm at his frowning aspect. Ere I had time to frame a syllable—

"Emma," said he, "you have wreaked your vengeance upon me, now feel mine;" and as he spoke he drew a pistol from his bosom.

I screamed for aid. The report of the pistol mingled with my cry; I felt a stinging sensation in my shoulder; another report of the pistol; a groan and heavy fall, and I sank into insensibility. In a few hours I regained consciousness; but weeks elapsed before I knew that he was dead—that he had taken his own life with the same hand that he had attempted mine. I rose from that bed of pain a changed woman; my profession was hateful to me—humanity was hateful to me. With the wealth which I had accumulated I went to Europe—to Italy; there, for many, many years, I made my home; but at length a desire came to me to visit my native country once more. I have done so—I have told my story—and calmly I await the coming of Azreal.

THE HUNT FOR MR. BURGESS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY A. S. PRENTISS.

A farmer out west, on awakening one morn,
Found the frost had cut down all his acres of corn;
Not being profane, or quick witted, or cool,
He vowed that to farm it he wan't such a fool;
He'd leave his clear hundred of tillable land
And go to the city and there try his hand.

He was stout in his arm and his leg was a round one,
His shoulders were broad and his chest was a sound one,
He was lithe in his limbs, and he'd wind like a bellows,
And was got up for fighting—not faro, but fellows;
He did a good bye to his three little cocks,
Kissed his wife a farewell, and then he made tracks
For the City of Notions, where in youth he had dwelt
In the earnest pursuit of shoemaking and gelt.*
All things have an end, and his journey had one,
This side of old Boston the throw of a stone;
(About fifty miles I now think is the route
From there into Boston—and it's no shorter out.)

By making enquiries—(he'd a Yankee's propensities,)
He becomes a bill poster on—no matter whose fence it is.
Soon he leased himself out for so much a week
As an agent for minstrels—he'd the requisite cheek).
He papered New England all over, and then
He boldly pushed into the the State of old Penn.

Now an agent has troubles wherever he goes,
And getting "permits" 's not the least of his woes,
For the towns are all raising the prices for showing,
And it doesn't much matter to which town you go in,
The mayor in some, and in some towns the clerk,
And in others the aldermen do this kind of work;
And they'll hand out the license as though 'twas a favor,
And not what you buy and must certainly pay for.

Hog reeves may be found in New England all o'er,
But in no other State can be found such a bore;
So in Pennsylvania, but in no other State,
The Burgesses corps will decide on the fate
Of a troupe of good singers who travel for pelf,
And sing as they travel—as I do myself.

As I said, Mr. Walters, (for that was his name,)
Went into a State where he never had been,
And leasing a hall, asked what was to pay
For license to show at such time and such day.
"You must go to the Burgess," the hall man replied.
"And where shall I find him?" asked Walters, and sighed.
"Go up that there hill, and then turn to your right,
And his home you will see as it's plainly in sight,
Then ask any man you may meet when you're there,
And he'll point out the house and tell you right where
The Burgess resides." Walters started, determined to find
Where Burgess resided, while yet in his mind
The directions were fresh; but then on the height
The houses were close, and a hunt there all night
Wouldn't find Mr. Burgess who granted the power
To minstrels to sing at so much per hour.
So he asked a bright boy whom he met on the walk
Where Burgess then lived. Said Bob, "Now you talk
Of a man wot aint here, nor'n none o' them houses,
For I know every walker in town as wears trowsers."

The agent, determined to ask the next comer,
Was not long in waiting, for soon an old bummer
Came reeling along, and the agent asked him,
"Which house is it, pray, that Old Burgess lives in?"

"Old Burgess! Old Burgess!" and his blood shotted eyes
Fell now upon Walters and then on the skies,
And while his mind wandered through decades of years,
A shake of his head confirmed all the fears
That Walters possessed of the man's incapacity
To answer his question with proper loquacity.
He raised his head up like the "head of the nation,"
And said, "You won't find him in this corporation;
For I know every man that lives in the town
From sixty years old to—all the way down."

Now Walters was puzzled. What was he to do?
Ah! here came a man who looks as he knew.
"I want Mr. Burgess; do you know the man?"
"Nein—nix cum arous und nix ver stan!"

He next saw a woman come sailing along;
Unmindful of him she was humming a song,
And thoughtlessly swaying her skirt either side,
Taking all of a pave not excessively wide.
Waters looked at her eagerly—noticed her style,
Noticed her cheeks, and her hair, and her guile,
Noticed her bust, and her eyes, and her feet,
And noticed that everything on her was neat.
He waited not long for the woman's approach
When, going in front of her, said, "I encroach
On good breeding; I'm a stranger in town
And want Mr. Burgess; and when I was down
In the village they told me by coming up here
I'd find Mr. Burgess without any fear."
The girl waved her fan, and I grant that none but her
Could have shunted him off so quick in the gutter;
And as she passed on essaying to swing
Skirts, ribbons, and feathers, and that sort of thing,
She turned to the man, and disdainfully bowing,
Expressed her regrets that he'd "lately left plowing;
For I know that a clod-hopper only would greet
A lady, a stranger, too, out on the street."

Now Walters was mad; he contracted each finger,
And vowed that no longer in town he would linger;
Said he'd see the show damned to eternity's late
Before he would stop in the old Quaker State.
And he kept his vow good, for the very next day
He stepped on the cars and was soon on his way
To his rural, retired, and neat quiet home,
Where tronbles are few and "Old Burgesses" none.

* Sometimes called "money," but oftener "chucks" and "soap."

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address L. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

B. A. BENTON, Meriden, Conn.—"Anderson's Treatise" is the best work on the science of Draughts ever published, and is the standard, in the clubs, both in this country and Great Britain. We have had repeated inquiries for it, and wish we could fill all the orders, but it's not to be had in this country. It would cost, at the present rate of exchange, from $4 to $5 to import. The "American Draught Player" is voluminous, but is no guide to players. If you are competent to pick out the good play from the bad, it might be of some use to you, but it's so full of mistakes and bad play that it would be of no use for you to order it. Martins and the London Club pronounce it the poorest work on the science ever published, and it's not used at all in any of the Scottish clubs.

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—You are right—the move 30 to 26 draws. The games in the sheet you mention are copied from the CLIPPER, as you see they are six weeks behind the times. The Positions are second-rate or else copied from authors, with a piece or two changed so as to pass as original.

J. A. MUGRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.—We mailed for you a letter as requested. Let us hear from you again.

L. H. MARSH, Boston, Mass.—In your position (solution 7 10-14 7, etc.), there is a "screw loose," as White may go 31 24 *at once*, and then Black must go 10 17. White *then* moves 16 19 and wins. Try again.

BANGALL.—We shall be pleased to hear from you again. The position is a good one.

Card.

ED. CLIPPER—When I accepted the challenge of G. W. Foster's, it was with the understanding that he should furnish the solution, or analysis of the position in which he was to make Black win, and if I could show he was in error by my making a draw of his play, that was to be the end of it. I decline to enter into a long controversy about each variation. He says he "has not examined the move 30 to 26, and it may draw." If he can't win with Black, that ends the play, and he has lost his stake. I will, however, answer his "Card" by showing the position is drawn by the following play:—

POSITION.

Black.....1, 3, 12, 13, King 2.
White.....10, 15, 19, 31, King 11.

Black to move, and White to draw.

SOLUTION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
13 to 17	11 to 15	25 to 21	18 to 22
17 22	16 20	12 16	19 12
22 25	20 24	9 14	(a)22 17
25 30	24 27	14 7	17 22
30 25	27 23	7 2	15 11
2 6	23 18	2 6	27 23
6 9	31 27	1 5	23 19

Drawn.

(a) This move G. W. F. probably never thought of, and is the move that draws from this point. I will state also, to him, that he has made *three* blunders in his solution of the position. I hope his answer to this solution will not be so long forthcoming as his previous one.

New York, Dec. 17th, 1864. EXPRESS.

Solution of Position No. 33—Vol. XII.

From the Scottish Banner.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..28 to 24	19 to 28	8..10 to 14	11 to 15
2..18 15	11 18	9..21 17	13 22
3..20 16	12 19	10..14 18	22 26
4..9 6	2 9	11..18 15	26 31
5..5 16	8 11	12..11 15	31 26
6..16 7	4 8	13..15 18	26 31
7..7 10	8 11	14..18 22, and wins.	

Solution of Drummond's 42d Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..8 to 3	7 to 10	7..16 to 11	27 to 31
2..3 7	10 14	8..11 7	31 27
3..7 10	14 23	9..7 2	13 17
4..10 15	19 24	10..2 6	17 22
5..26 19	9 14	11..6 9	14 17
6..19 16	24 27		

Game No. 45—Vol. XII.

THIRTY-SIXTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

SECOND DOUBLE CORNER.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..11 to 15	24 to 19	26..27 to 23	26 to 22
2..15 24	28 19	27..23 26	2 7
3..8 11	22 18	28..9 13	11 8
4..11 16	(a) 25 22	29..10 23	9 3
5..4 8(b)	30 25	30..26 30	17 14
6..10 14	22 17	31..30 26	22 18
7..16 20	17 10	32..25 22	7 2
8..6 24	32 28	33..22 15	14 10
9..8 11	28 19	34..15 6	2 9
10..11 16	26 22	35..23 26	9 14
11..7 10	18 15	36..26 30	3 7
12..10 14	15 10	37..30 26	7 10
13..14 18	22 15	38..26 21	10 15
14..9 14	15 11	39..18 17	15 19
15..14 18	23 14	40..17 22	19 23
16..16 32	21 17	41..22 26	23 26
17..32 27	31 24	42..25 29	26 22
18..20 27	29 25	43..1 6	14 18
19..27 31	25 22	44..6 10	18 23
20..12 16	10 7	45..21 25	22 17
21..8 10	14 7	46..25 30	17 22
22..16 19	17 13	47..10 14	23 19
23..5 9	13 6	48..30 26	22 18
24..2 9	7 2	49..14 23	19 26
25..31 27	22 17	Drawn.(c)	

(a) Anderson says this move loses.
(b) The variation. Anderson plays 16 to 20, and Black wins.
(c) Martins played the close of this game in splendid style.

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.
7.. 4	8	24 20
8.. 8	11	

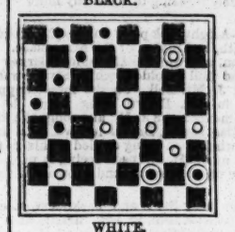
SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.
7.. 5	14	26 23

Position No. 34, Vol. XII.

BY "BANGALL."

BLACK.



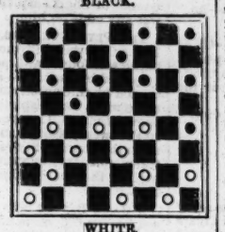
WHITE.

White to move and win.

The 43d Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

W. R. HENRY.—Yours to hand, and very welcome. Accept our special and cordial thanks for the new and valuable additions to our chess treasury. In the matter of chess dates we will do all in our power to serve you.

LOUIS BERTRAND, Buffalo.—Your solution of Problem No. 455 is correct. To secure original criticisms, if we have any; and in consideration of our narrow space, which is more profitably occupied, we should be happy to receive and acknowledge solutions to all our positions, in batches of, say, half a dozen, and would always acknowledge them.

J. HALL, Harewood Hospital, Washington.—A wins the V. He may have not merely "two" but *nine* Queens at once, if he have the skill and fortune to "Queen" all his pawns in addition to the original Queen consort. You need a "Dime Chess Instructor."

MANHATTAN.—The solution of Enigma No. 410 runneth in this wise:—

White.	Black.	White,	Black.
1..B to K B 5	K to B 2 (a)	4..B to K 6 +	R to Kt 3
2..Kt-Q 5	Kt × Kt *best*	5..B × R +	K moves
3..P Queens +	R × Q	6..B gives mate.	[Q. E. D.]

(a) This seemingly futile defence is the only one to protract mate to six; and is *the* feature of the position so long overlooked by the amateurs.

LOVER OF CHESS, Butler, Pa.—We have found you what we think will prove a pleasant acceptance, and presume your match is fairly under way by the time you see this.

C. C BARNES, Canajoharie.—The proposed emendation of No. 440 is, to place a White Kt on K Kt 2d, and a Black P on K Kt 4th; then make the stipulation—White to force self-mate in six moves. How does that make it look to you?

Enigma No. 459.

From the Era.

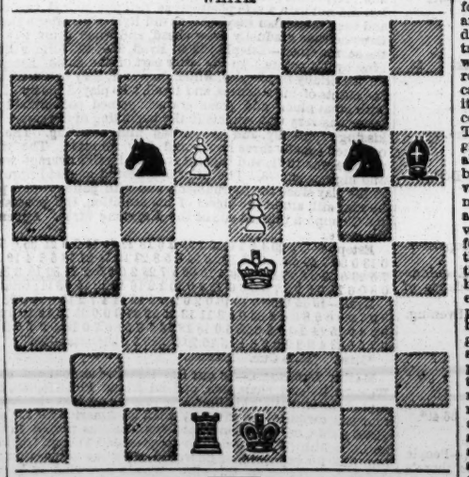
BY MR. T. SMITH.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 459.

BY A. E. HUGGINS.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 459.

Our contributor, Dr. C., gives the odds of Q Kt at Harvard University.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Dr. C——	Defence, Mr. W——	Attack, Dr. C——	Defence, Mr. W——
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..K Kt to R 5	P to K Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	19..B-K B 6 (b)	K B-K sq
3..K B-B 4	Kt × K P	20..Kt-his 7	K B-Q sq
4..Kt × P	P-Q 4	21..Kt × Q B	Q Kt-K 3
5..K B-Kt 3	K Kt-B 4	22..Kt-K B 4	P-K Kt 4
6..Q-K B 3	Q B-K 3	23..Kt-K B 5	K B-home
7..Castles	P-Q B 3	24..Q B × B	K R × B
8..K B-K sq	K B-K 2	25..Q R-Q sq	K-his B 2
9..P-Q 4	K Kt × B	26..Q-K R 3	K-Kt 3 (c)
10..R P × Kt	Castles	27..K R × Kt	Q R-K sq
11..P-Q B 4	P-K B 3	28..Q-R 6 +	K × K Kt
12..K Kt-Q 3	Q-her 2	29..P-K Kt 4 +	K-his B 5
13..Kt-K B 4	Q B-B 4	30..Q-K R 3	Q × K B
14..P-Q B 5	Q B-K 5 (a)	31..Q-Kt 3 +	K-his 6
15..Q-K Kt 3	Kt-Q R 3	32..P-B 4 dis +	K-his 6.
16..Q B-Q 2	Kt-Q B 2	33..R-K sq +	K × Q P
17..P-K B 3	Q B-B 4	34..Q-her B 3, mate.	

(a) The style of the Amateur who receives heavy odds now begins to appear—losing moves and taking up positions from which he must be speedily driven.

(b) The remainder of the Attack is very neatly and forcefully played, abounding in strategy.

(c) Upon what an unpropitious journey this monarch now sets out! A "fire in the rear" and a guillotine in front.

Our contributor, Jas. C. Warner, now Chess Editor of *Forney's War Press*, Philadelphia, whence we take this *partie*, gives the Q Kt.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Mr. Warner.	Mr. B——	Mr. Warner.	Mr. B——
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	17..Q R × B	Q to K Kt 4
2..P-K B 4	P-Q 4	18..Castles	Q Kt × P
3..P-K 5	P-K B 3	19..B P × P	Q Kt-Q 6
4..Kt-K B 3	B P × P	20..K R-B 7 +	K Kt-K 2
5..B P × P	K B-K 2	21..Q R-B sq (c)	P-Q Kt 3
6..P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	22..Q-K R 7	B-Q B 3 (f)
7..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-his 5	23..K R - Kt +	Q × R best
8..K B-K 2	P-Q B 4	24..Q R-B 7 +	K × Q R
9..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-B 3	25..Q × Q +	K-Q 3
10..K B-Q 3 (d)	B P × P	26..P-K R 4	B-Q B sq
11..Kt-his 5	K B × Kt	27..P-K R 5	R-B 8 + (g)
12..Q-R 5 +	P-K Kt 3	28..K-his R 2	Kt × Kt P
13..K B P +	R P × B	29..Q-B 6 +	K-Q 2
14..Q Kt P +	K-Q 2	30..P-K B 6	B-Q B sq
15..Q-Kt 7 +	Q-K 2	31..Q B + and the Attack wins the *partie*.	
16..Q K R	K B - B		

(d) Played with a special object—as will soon be seen.
(e) This doubling the Rooks leads to a speedy victory.
(f) He has no better move.
(g) Entirely useless; his game is not to be saved.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MR. JAMES CROCKETT,

THE LION-KING.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait we give on another page, was born in the town of Preston, England, on the 9th of May, 1838, where his father, a noted musician, was then employed in connection with one of the great circus companies of the day. Passing over the "days of his youth," we find him, as he neared his majority, engaged in the profession of his father, and giving promise of unusual attainments as a performer; but, becoming seized by an irresistible desire to engage in the work of taming wild beasts, he threw up his engagement with the band of Sanger's Circus, then making a tour of the Provinces, the better to be in readiness for such employment in that way as might offer. He had not long to wait. The purchase of five lions by Mr. Sanger offered the desired opportunity. So wild and seemingly untameable were these animals, that the Messrs Sanger could nowhere find a man possessed of sufficient courage and self-possession to undertake the task of taming them, and they were compelled to accept the services of Mr. Crockett, who, from the moment of the arrival of the lions at the establishment of Messrs. S., felt himself the man for the occasion. How well his anticipations were realized may be surmised by the reader, when it is understood that, at the expiration of three months from the day of his entrance upon the delicate and difficult labor, by the exhibition of rare courage, skill and sagacity, he succeeded in so entirely conquering the lions as to be able to perform not only the feats of Van Amburgh & Carter, but, it is said, others of a character never attempted by even the most renowned lion-tamers and kings. He travelled through Great Britain and Ireland, receiving everywhere the plaudits of the people and commendations of the press, arriving in London to enter upon an engagement at Astley's Amphitheatre, at an enormous salary, a few weeks more than a year after he had engaged in the dangerous task of subduing the lions with which he was to appear. At this house, decidedly the most notable place of the kind in the world, he appeared nightly to crowded audiences composed of the very *elite* of the population of the great metropolis. During this time an accident occurred—extensively circulated by the journals of the Old and New World at the time—which resulted in the death of a Mr. Smith, by one of the lions, all of whom escaped from their den. Mr. Crockett was called upon, and entered the circus where the beasts were roaming at will, and, with an ordinary stable pitch-fork, compelled the animals to follow him, and confined them again in their cage, which they have never succeeded in leaving since. From Astley's Mr. Crockett went to the *Cirque Napoleon*, at Paris, where he was received with universal applause, the daily newspapers vieing with each other in their tributes to the daring of the now renowned lion-king—the Emperor, as the Queen of England had before, honoring the performances with his presence. Thence he went to Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and others of the capitals of Europe, visited at all of them by the crowned heads, returning to England after an absence of many months, only, however, to enter upon an engagement with S. B. Howes, Esq., to travel in this country in connection with his mammoth circus. He first appeared at Detroit, Michigan, and then at Memphis, Tenn.—all of the principal towns of the West and South-west—and at all won upon the large audiences attracted to a degree that lessened him the same popularity as had already crowned him in Europe the 'Lion-King.' He is now *en route* for New Orleans and Havana, where, doubtless, the same applause awaits him, and the same hearty and flattering criticism by the press. Mr. Crockett has been the recipient of a great many presents from eminent persons—such as a diamond ring from Queen Victoria, a massive silver belt from the members of the profession, gold watches and medals, pins, etc., all of which he prides himself in the possession of, and intends to transmit as heirlooms of his prowess and daring. Mr. Crockett is, beyond doubt, one of the most renowned "lion-kings" now living, or of which we have any knowledge as having existed in the past.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

JOE GOSS GETS SIX MONTHS FOR *ASSAULTING A WOMAN AT WOLVERHAMPTON.*

HE IS EXPELLED FROM THE PUGILISTIC BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

SEVERE COMMENTS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

On Tuesday, Nov. 22, at the Wolverhampton Petty Sessions, before the Stipendiary, the pugilist Joe Goss was charged with a gross outrage upon a woman of the town, named Harriet Shale. The compl

other rules, etc., were proposed and carried, which will be printed and distributed among the members. It was agreed by all present that every support should be given to the Cricketers' Fund; in fact, the players said they would play any day and anywhere, so that a good feeling should exist among them. Several matches have already been made. The above organization is calculated, we think, to give an additional impetus to the "noble game" in England, providing the same spirit of good fellowship and fraternization is evinced in all their transactions as appears to have been manifested at the above noticed meeting.

A Rat Killing Sweepstakes was decided on Nov. 22d at Greenwich, when fine ornamental collars, as well as money prizes, were awarded to the three best dogs, the conditions being that each animal should kill the number of rats he weighed in pounds. Mr. J. Ashland's Daisy, 13lb., killed her dozen in 1 min. 35 sec., and took first prize; Mr. Richardson's Hopping Clara, 14lb., thirteen rats in one min. 37 sec., only two seconds behind; and Mr. Reid's Tiny, weighing 9lb., the third prize, nine rats in 1 min. 47¼ sec. The next three were novice dogs—Mr. Edwin Probert's Trusty, 13lb., 2 min. 4 sec.; Mr. Cox's Judy, 9lb., 2 min. 6 sec; and Mr. Smith's Crib, 19lb., 2 min. 13 sec. It will be thus seen that the time was uncommonly good, there only being 34 sec. difference between the first and last of six dogs.

GYMNASTICS IN WASHINGTON.

On Wednesday, December 7th, Mr. A. S. Brady, formerly proprietor of the Seventh Regiment Gymnasium in this city, gave his first reception at his Institute in Washington. The large hall, or exercising room, was filled with a fashionable audience of both sexes. The room, which was tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens, was melodious with music by the Marine Band and resonant with plaudits, and the exercises passed off with great eclat. The exercises consisted of all manner of athletic performances (in which about 30 members took part), among which were the following, all of which were beautifully executed, after an address by Mr. Hegeman, of New York:—Exhibition of the Light Gymnastics for Ladies and Children—By P. T. Keene. Class Exercises—By several members. Vaulting Horse—J. M. Roberts, J. C. Rowland, H. Clay Ford, and others. Dumb Bells—A. H. Jones, G. G. Kimball, Geo. W. Blauvelt, etc. Parallel Bars—M. H. Ellis, B. H. Johnston, W. A. Remer, G. G. Kimball, V. M. Silva, and others. Indian Clubs—V. M. Silva, Abner S. Brady. Horizontal Bar—W. P. Colgate, Geo. G. Kimball, J. H. Colgate, W. B. Reed, J. M. Johnston, etc. Giant Swing on Bar—N. P. Botticher. Single Ring—Abner S. Brady. Inclined Pole—B. H. Johnston, Geo. G. Kimball, J. F. Dukehart. Double Rings—W. B. Reed, W. P. Colgate, A. H. Jones. Aerial Flights—Chas. H. Shelley, M. H. Ellis, Geo. W. Evans, J. M. Sylvester, H. Clay Ford, W. A. Remer, W. A. Purrington, J. M. Johnston, F. May, C. H. Lord, J. H. Colgate, Z. T. Ebenbach, W. E. Hertford, E. Dropp, W. B. Reed, and others. Peg Pole—B. Green, Abner S. Brady. Climbing Rope—C. H. Lord, J. H. Sylvester, etc. Vaulting—M. H. Ellis, B. H. Johnston, John Dunn, and others. Ladders—J. H. Sylvester, W. B. Reed, J. C. Rowland, J. H. Colgate, J. M. Johnston. Double Taspeze—Geo. G. Kimball, W. P. Colgate. Swinging Rings—J. H. Colgate, J. M. Roberts, J. C. Rowland, W. E. Hertford, W. B. Lord. Among the most noticeable features was the raising of a 110 pound dumb bell by Mr. G. G. Kimball and an 80 pound dumb bell by Geo. W. Blauvelt; the Giant Swing, on the horizontal bar, by N. P. Botticher, Messrs. W. P. and J. H. Colgate, W. B. Reed, and Master Hendershot (the hero of Fredericksburg), on the horizontal bar, and Messrs. J. M. Silver, E. Troop, and J. H. Sylvester, in swinging the Indian clubs. The aerial flights were gracefully performed by Mr. H. Clay Ford, W. A. Remer, Geo. W. Evans, W. A. Purrington, F. May, W. May, C. H. Lord, Z. T. Ebenbach, W. T. Hertford, J. M. Roberts, J. C. Rowland, and others. Messrs. Kimball and Dukehart, on the inclined pole, were excellent. The performances of Mr. Brady himself were wonderful, in ascending the peg pole and raising the dead weight of the body with one hand seven times. This feat is done by grasping a ring, suspended from the ceiling, with his left hand only, at arm's length; seven times he raises his body till his shoulder is in a parallel line with his hand. We may here remark, for the benefit of those profound philosophers who bewail the sad degeneracy of Americans, that a French gentleman who was present observed that in the "Gymnase Trist," of Paris, three times raising of the body in this way is the greatest number ever yet attained, and there are two thousand members in that shool. To persons who wish to understand the muscular effort required to perform this simple looking feat, we say, try it.

The Yacht Calypso was, we are pleased to learn, successfully launched last week, at New London, Ct., and, we believe, she is soon to be numbered among the model craft of the New York Yacht Club. The length of the Calypso is 80 feet over all, breadth of beam, 22 feet 8 inches, and depth, 7 feet 10 inches. Her frame is of the best quality chestnut, white oak and hackmatack, and she measures nearly 135 tons. The bottom and walls are of Ohio oak, while the clamps are of white oak, three and two-and-a-half inches. The deck is of the best white pine, without knot or butt, two-and-a-half inches thick, and two-and-three-quarters wide. The staunchions are of locust, while the cabin is furnished with ash ground, with black walnut mouldings. Between decks there is a large main saloon, two capacious state-rooms, closet, pantry, kitchen, ice-room, sailing-master's room and forecastle. The brass cannons are of a new pattern, and fitted with the most perfect accoutrements. The Calypso is schooner-rigged and the masts are of white pine. The yacht spreads five hundred yards of sails, without the light sails. Mr. J. W. Miller built the vessel, and she is said to be the finest vessel ever constructed in New England. The Calypso will cost over $30,000. The furniture and interior decorations are to be of the finest description. The owner of this splendid vessel is J. Henry Bache, Esq., of this city, formerly owner of the Mallory, which once took the first prize in the regatta. The launch of the Calypso was quite an event in New London Harbor, and there was a great display of bunting among the vessels in port.

CRICKET.

The Franklin Cricket Club, of Shelburne Falls, have played but two matches the past season, both with the Boston Club, the first one played in the above named place June 15th and 16th, in which it was victorious by 63 runs, the second played in Boston September 22d and 23d, in which they were defeated by 9 runs. Below is their batting average and analysis of bowling:—

BATTING.

Batsmen's Names.	No. of Matches.	No. of Innings.	No. of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average and over.
J. Day	2	4	16	8	13	4-0
T. Moore	2	4	17	16	16	4-1
J. Grinold	2	2	28	13	25	14-0
S. Eaton	2	4	20	7	13	5-0
J. Hinde	2	4	33	15	16	8-1
A. Clark	2	4	40	19	28	10-0
J. Longdin	2	3	12	5	7	4-0
G. Dronfield	2	3	12	5	7	4-0
A. Halligan	1	2	1	1	1	½
G. Pratt	2	3	21	11	21	7-0
J. Yale	1	2	9	7	9	4-1
McGee	1	2	1	1	1	½
J. Bullows	1	2	20	12	20	10-0

BOWLING.

Name.	Balls	Runs	Maidens	Wickets	Wides
J. Hinde	348	110	10	16	10
T. Moore	186	90	2	7	11
Dronfield	132	49	1	8	12
B. Bardwell	24	12	1	1	0
Clark	18	11	0	1	0
William Bolding	7	7	0	0	0

OUR GAME BAG.

Standing in other People's Shoes.—Jemmy Gordon, the Cambridge eccentric, when he happened to be without shoes or stockings, one day came in contact with a person of very indifferent character. The gentleman, pitying his condition, told him, if he called at his house, he would give him a pair of shoes. "Excuse me, sir," replied Jemmy, assuming a contemptuous air, "I would not stand in *your shoes* for all the world!"

The Chaplain's Conundrum.—Army teamsters are proverbial for the scientific volubility with which they swear. A teamster with the Cumberland army got stuck in the mud, and he let fly a stream of profane epithets that would have astonished "our army in Flanders" even. A chaplain, passing at the time, was greatly shocked. "My friend," said he to the teamster, "do you know who died for sinners?" "D—n your conundrums! Don't you see I'm stuck in the mud?"

Thought He had Him.—The La Crosse *Democrat* is responsible for the following good story: At one of the hotels in our city, the landlord said to a boarder: "See here, Mr. Brown, the chamber-maid found a hair-pin in your bed this morning, and it will not answer." "Well," replied the boarder, "I found a hair in the butter this morning, but it did not prove you had a woman in it." The two men looked at each other for about ten seconds, when each smiled and went his way, no doubt pondering on the peculiarities of circumstantial evidence.

Transition and Leopard's Tails.—What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail? The one is rooted to the spot—the other spotted to the root.

Using other People's Tooth-Brushes.—In reply to an advertisement headed "Use Thingumbob's Tooth-Brush," a Western editor says, "We'll see Thingumbob hanged first, the dirty fellow! How would he like to use ours?"

Answers to Correspondents.—"An anxious inquirer" writes to know whether the Powder Magazine is published monthly, and is considered a safe magazine for quiet families. Also, whether dead letters are ever known to revive after they reach the Dead Letter Office, and if not, what is the use of sending them there? Also, whether navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes, or only in cold regions? Also, whether a schoolmaster can be said to have no scholars when he has two pupils in his eyes? If "distance *lends* enchantment to the view," and said "view" does not return it within a reasonable time, has "distance" a legal cause of action, and is she entitled to recover?

Surgeons vs. Butchers.—A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to the amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform, as usual; but the veteran refused, saying, "If the cutting was to be done on him he wanted to see it," and laying his arm on the table submitted to the operation without a sign of pain, except a firmer setting of the teeth as the saw struck the marrow. The operator, as he finished, looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked:

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."

"I was the next thing to one before I enlisted," said the hero.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"A butcher," responded the sergeant, with a grim smile, which, despite the surroundings, communicated itself to the bystanders.

He Didn't Dance.—A plain, unlettered man, from the back country, in the State of Alabama, came up to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went to church. He selected a seat in a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the commencement of the services. Presently the music of a full-toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his wife hanging on his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned the stranger to give place to the lady. The movement he did not comprehend, and from the situation of the lady and gentleman, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion or French contra dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said: "Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please; I don't dance."

An "Imperial's" Opinion of Dancing.—There is a story told of an imperial highness waltzing thrice on the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. The lady, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response. "What then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness' motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire!"

About "The Nose."—One day, as a witty son of the Emerald Isle was standing on the steps of a tavern in Grand street, a finely dressed, vain looking man alighted from a stage. His nose was such an uncommon size that Pat stared at him with astonishment. "What are you staring at, stupid?" asked the man of the big nose, in a pompous tone. "Why, by jabers," said Pat, "seeing a nose a comin', I was lookin' to see whether there was a man behind it or not."

This and That.—An insane man is mad, but a plant which is used in dying is madder. A wicker-work hamper is a crate, but the mouth of a volcano is a crater. A Turkish imperial proclamation is a Hatt, but a maker of hats is a hatter. One of the domestic animals is a horse, but a small ship's cable is a hawser. A skin eruption is a rash, but a slice of broiled bacon is a rasher. A whirlpool is a gorge, but a great glutton is a gorger. A boy is a lad, but a thing which enables people to ascend is a ladder. A company of merchants is a guild, but a Dutch coin is a guilder.

So it does.—It seems to us very inconsistent that whites and blacks should fight under the same colors.

Very Proper.—A married woman can acquire nothing, the *proper tie* of marriage making all she has the *proper-ty* of her husband.

How the Veteran got his Pension.—A veteran officer presented a memorial to Napoleon, soliciting a pension. "We shall see," was the Emperor's only reply. "Sire, you may see now, if you will deign to look," said the soldier, uncovering a breast scarred all over. The pension was granted on the spot.

In and out of place.—Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "seven knots an hour."

Getting used to it.—A runaway couple were married at Gretna Green. The blacksmith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the blacksmith, "but he was an Irishman. I have married him six times. He is a good customer, and you I may never see again."

Pretty Good.—In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country-house there happened to be fixed up, at different spots, painted boards with this request—"Please not to pluck the flowers without leave!" Some wag got a paint brush and added an "s" to the last word.

About Spuds.—"Landlord," said an exquisite, "can you enable me to realise from your culinary stores the pleasure of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innoxious by igneous martyrdom?" He wanted baked potatoes.

To be Paired off.—The poor old pensioned tars of Greenwich Hospital are no longer to be confined to a life of celibacy. They are to be allowed to marry if they can find any one to take a fancy to their battered old hulks. French priests, on the other hand, by a late judicial decision, are doomed to certain celibacy.

Biblical Impressions.—"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?" "Bill hove that bible at me and hit me on the head." "Well, you are the only person in my family on whom the bible ever made the least impression."

See here.—If the sun could speak, what would it say to a budding rose? You be blowed.

A Capital Answer.—The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song writer, the latter said to him:—"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" Jerrold.—"Oh, yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Improvement in Photographing.—One of the Regent street photographers in London, Eng., has recently introduced a novelty in the mode of taking carte de visite photographs with the signatures of the sitters. This gives but little extra trouble. The sitter simply signs his name on a slip of paper, and finds its facsimile, diminished in size, transferred to the portraits when they come home.

Knew what was good for him.—The "Maid of Judah" is announced from Melbourne with 3,200 ounces of gold. Van says that's the girl for him.

Simple Enough.—Book-keeping taught in one lesson. Don't lend them.

Crowns vs. Dollars.—What is the difference between the English and the American soldier? One fights for the *crown* and the other for the *dollar*.

Conundrum.—Why is a cock fight the fairest kind of sport? Because when fowls are fighting there can be no *foul* play.

Exactly.—An acceptance at sight. Receiving a black eye.

The Three Graces.—Tom Sayers has ornamented the front of his cottage with busts of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
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Hereafter no advertisements of a questionable character will be admitted into the columns of the Clipper. We have always been ready and willing to accommodate the advertising community, but of late we have been somewhat imposed upon in this matter by parties who have no regular place of business, and whose advertisements do not appear to be of a legitimate character. We therefore give notice that nothing of the kind will henceforth be received, and advertisers who desire to avail themselves of our circulation must conform to this rule in every particular.

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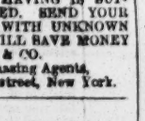
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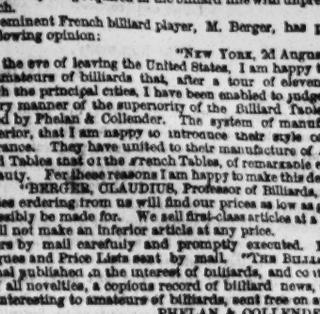

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 19, 1864.

UNCOMPLAININGLY passing through these detestable dark days before Christmas, we calmly await the coming festive season with pleasurable emotions and a well-conditioned appetite. On all sides we see evidences of great preparations making for the Christmas and New Year holidays; the attention necessary to a proper development of household resources engages the leisure moments of old and young, and for the time being all else is swallowed up in the "money jug" in anticipation of the joyous "days we celebrate;" this fact will account for the falling off in the receipts at our theatres, minstrel halls and other popular resorts. "'Twas ever thus," the poet says; and the gentleman spake truly; the coming of the holidays is not regarded with the same degree of joy by managers as it is by juvenile youths who periodically hang their longest stockings against the chimney corner in the hope and confidence that "Chris. Kingle" will see to the prompt and liberal filling of the same. And yet, the falling off we have noticed is quite small compared with that of former years, and *really*, managers have nothing to complain of. .....Several of our theatres commenced the week with fresh programmes, in two of which the works of Dion Boucicault figured most successfully. Whatever may be said of this writer, it cannot be denied that his works are of that class which pleases the *popular* taste, and brings money to the managerial treasury. Dion understands how to "fetch on the crisis," to "work up the climax," and prepare the auditor for a stunnin' tableau at the close of each act, with a regular "burster" for a grand wind up, as our pugnacious pugilists would mildly call it. The outer world says nothing suits New Yorkers so well as the sensational and blood-and-thunder drama, and they pretend to look back with pride to the "good old days of the Park pit," which pit, unfortunately, seems to have been the guage for everything good, bad and incomprehensible. To a certain extent this charge is true, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that our taste is not so depraved as that which prevailed in the olden times, when cannibalism, even, was not too much for the groundlings. We have it on record that the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus," which would be regarded as *too* bloody on the modern stage, was highly relished in 1686, when it was revived, with alterations, by Ravenscraft. To please the good people of those good old days, instead of diminishing any of its horrors, the adaptor seized every opportunity of adding largely to them, of which the following may serve as a fair specimen. Tamora stabs her child, upon which the Moor utters the following lines:

> She has outdone me even in mine own art,
> Outdone me in murder—killed her own child!
> Give it me—*I'll eat it!*

We are not *quite* so sensational as that. In 1749, the tragedy of "Irene" was brought out in an "improved form." It had failed previously, so a number of improvements and attractions were made, one of which was, that at the conclusion of the play the heroine was to be strangled in sight of the audience, and had two lines to speak with the bow string about her neck. This pleased the audience wonderfully well; but one night, the ancient gentlemanly garroter came nigh doing his work most *too* naturally, even for the refined people of those days. While the bow string was pressing her throat, the heroine attempted several times to speak, but in vain; her face became black, and her veins were swollen, when suddenly the audience cried out "Murder! murder!" and a great uproar ensued; the woman at last quitted the stage alive, but would never again consent to be strangled except behind the scenes. We say that we are not *quite* so loud in our demands, and yet we have often wondered why our playwrights do not incorporate in some work a real, life-like strangling scene to be performed in presence of an "enlightened audience." It would make a test concerning how far the sensational and the horrible can be stretched in the metropolis without proving unpalatable. To speak candidly, after seeing and hearing the horrible scenes of murder, suicide, garroting, incendiarism, robbery, etc., now so common in the streets of this city, we *ought* to be able to stand anything and everything on the mimic stage; in fact, the dramatist would find it difficult to portray such damnable crimes as are daily witnessed in real life and death in this "great and glorious metropolis of the Western World."..... We will now compose a painful ballad about a young lady named "Nancy Isabel." Before commencing, we wish it to be understood that *our* Nancy must not be confounded with Lord Lovell's Nancy Bell; don't mistake Lovell's *Lady* Nancy for our Nancy, for our Nancy is a *belle*. Our ballad we offer as a Christmas present to the profession, to be used by them as they see fit—to be sung as a comic song, as a plaintive "pathetic ballad," or as a recitation. It is free "to all whom it may concern:"

NANCY ISABEL.

Oh, Nancy was the girl for me!
Her feet were very large,
The man who made her shoes was forced
To make an extra charge.
Her size was ten—'twas very small—
"Too small," he said, "to sell."
Indeed, she was the girl for me,
Sweet Nancy Isabel.

Oh, Nancy was the girl for me!
Her mouth was very wide—
It reached across her smiling face,
And pushed her ears aside.
The way she gulped her dinner down
Is hard for me to tell—
The sweetest girl you ever saw
Was Nancy Isabel.

Oh, Nancy was the girl for me!
With eyes of hazel hue,
Her nose was red as reddest rose,
Her lips were very blue.
She had a voice that sounded like
A cracked and broken bell—
Oft in my dreams I see the form
Of Nancy Isabel.

Oh, Nancy was the girl for me!
With long and pointed chin—
Her cheeks that once with vigor glowed
Were now all sunken in.
The brow that lowered above her nose
Did ne'er my passion quell—
Indeed, she was the girl for me,
Sweet Nancy Isabel.

Oh, Nancy was the girl for me!
I loved to take her out
And show the folks that she and I
Were now and then about;
And when we walked, with arm-in-arm,
We cut a mighty swell.
No lady ever dressed as bad
As Nancy Isabel.

Oh, Nancy was the girl for me!
She is not any more—
She punched my head the other day
Until 'twas very sore.
The cruel blow she gave me then
Will prove my funeral knell—
Indeed, she's not the girl for me—
Farewell, rash Nancy Bell!

THE HIPPOTHEATRON is decidedly the best circus that has been in New York for many a day. Whenever we visit this place of amusement, we behold smiling faces, for the clowns seem desirous that every one should "strain their cheeks to idle merriment." And the horses, too; what beauties they are. What is prettier than a pretty horse! We always had a sneaking fancy for the animal. From the time that we beheld a cream-colored mare step out gaily to the "light fantastic toe," we never ceased pleading until the authors of our being had presented us with a noble steed. Here was a chance for us to see what we could do. If other people could make a horse dance, why could not we? Remembering that bears were sometimes prevailed upon to hop by means of red-hot iron, we commenced our experiments by heating the poker. Leading the horse into the middle of the stable-floor, we tied him securely there, and advanced cautiously with the poker. Hardly had we made a lounge at him with the instrument of torture, when up went his legs and over went we. Nothing daunted, we advanced again to the charge, and strove at the same time to conciliate the animal by such endearing words as "Ho, Rover, ho! That's a good boy." Rover, however, was not to be gammoned, for, although he did not mind having fun poked at him, he saw no fun in a hot poker. Rearing himself on his hind legs and then suddenly coming down on his forelegs, he prepared to resist our attack. Terror-stricken, we dropped the poker and started for the door with the serious intention of getting out of the way as soon as possible; but unfortunately we stumbled and landed on the ground astraddle of the red-hot iron. As we had nothing on but a thin pair of summer breeches, you may imagine the state of our feelings. From that day to this we have never renewed our experiments with horseflesh. We are satisfied to view the dancing horse at the circus. At the Hippotheatron the graceful Marietta Zanfretta performs wonders on the tight-rope. In fearless daring and thorough understanding of her peculiar line, we have seen few that equalled this accomplished artiste. Her appearance is always the signal for an outburst of applause, and we congratulate the management on having secured the services of one who "knows the ropes." Young ladies who are desirous of perfecting themselves in the art of horsemanship, should see Madame Tourniaire and her celebrated Manege horses. How rosy-cheeked and happy she always seems to be! How the horse obeys her every word and gesture! A touch of the whip, and we have a trot; a movement of the hand, and we have a canter; and so it goes on until the animal has run through the whole catalogue of equine accomplishments. There was a time when the proprietors of circuses cared very little about the talent which they engaged as long as they were sure of making money. Of late years care has been taken to secure the services of excellent artists, and consequently a number of people have been induced to visit these shows who would never otherwise have thought of going. Drop into the Hippotheatron whenever you will, in clear or rainy weather, in moonshine or snowstorm, and you will find it full. Those who desire seats should start early, especially during the holiday season.

"HAMLET," with its great cast, including the names of Edwin Booth, Thomas Placide, C. Kemble Mason, Edwin Varrey, Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Mr. C. Walcot, Mr. J. G. Hanley, etc., is still running at the Winter Garden, affording all lovers of the legitimate drama an intellectual treat of no every day occurrence. The more we see of this great play as performed at the Winter Garden, the more we learn to appreciate its beauties, for the various parts are so well delineated that some portions of the dialogue that have appeared obscure to many readers of Shakespeare, are made "clear as proof of holy writ" by the company at this house.

"THE JUMPIN JEWEL."—Mrs. Barney Williams—and her sprightly husband, Barney, brought their performances in the "Connie Soogah" to a close at Niblo's Garden, on the 17th inst. It could have been run much longer—for it is a play of great "durency"—but preparations being made for the production of other novelties, prevented it..... This week the rollicking twain appear in the "Magic Circle" again, and show up the "Customs of the Country."

WHEN FIRST we went to hear and see Artemus Ward and his highly colored pictures, we determined to observe a "strict neutrality"—like our foreign relations—and omit all and every lafture at his funny ideas, for we get pretty well worn out laughing at our own brilliant effusions. With a venomous and somewhat painful stolidity settled upon our well-worn features, we calmly awaited the coming of the coming man. As soon as the hero of our discourse appeared before our approving gaze, our deep-seated resolution against all merriment entirely forsook us, and our unbiased countenance at once broke into an audible smile, and we immediately determined to "speak of a man as we find him." That man is Artemus Ward, who nightly amuses and shakes the heads of the nation by his funniments and impecunious tact of delivery. A visit to Dodworth Hall, where Ward holds forth, will prove yourselves as well as the architect of his own lectures.

WHEN SHERMAN "drifted towards Savannah" by the force of his own impetus and other self-willed circumstances, the "misguided brethring" were evidently placed in a state of alarm by the "depredations" already committed in the State of Georgia, by the drifting army, and would fain have floated away on the bosom of the ruffled Savannah; but it was not so to be, and they remained as they were. When we drifted into the Broadway Theatre the other evening on the popular tide that leads thereto, we found ourself to be in a tight place, and would have beaten a masterly retreat, but it "cannot was," owing to the forces in our rear, and we stood it out. But what a treat it was after all, to see John Owens in two of his best characters, and the sardinic audience in such a state of happiness. By the way, on Thursday evening, December 22d, the one hundredth consecutive representation of Solon Shingle, by Mr. Owens, will be given, on which occasion there ought to be fire-works and a general jollification, for this success has not been attained by blue lights and the usual sensational auxiliaries, but by individual merit, and a life-like portraiture of an eccentric old farmer. No one ought to miss seeing John Owens in this great character.

WHETHER OPDYKE beats Weed, or Weed floors Opdyke, the public will be the gainers, just as they are the gainers by a visit to the American Theatre, 444 Broadway, at which place full as much enjoyment may be had as was vouchsafed to the audience in attendance at the Weed libel trial. Such delicious looking young "coryphees" as the *ballet* contains, makes a sight such as might tempt the traditionary anchorite. And the Nigger airs, too, and the comic songs, and eccentricities, and etceterus, combine to fill up a programme of as varied a character as the contents of a Christmas cornucopias, or a German sausage. Every reasonable taste may be gratified at the American.

WHICH GOES to show how careful gentlemen should be who are in the practice of "touching up" their moustaches. One evening last week, during a scene in a play at an up-town theatre, the business of the piece required that one of the actors should kiss an actress performing one of the leading parts. Our hero advanced, bent gracefully downward, and imprinted a kiss upon the rosy cheek of the buxom beauty. When the parties had resumed their places, it was noticed that the gentleman had left upon the lady's face, not only a kiss, but the dark imprint of his highly colored moustache. Of course the audience "could see it," and there was a general titter, especially among the blushing damsels present. "We suppress all names, out of respect for the friends of the accused."

THE BANJO continues to grow in public favor day after day, while its many heretofore hidden beauties are being gradually developed at the hands of masters who have made this strange instrument their particular study. Banjo concerts, too, are coming into favor, like the banjo itself. One of the Dobson Brothers—well known as teachers of the instrument, and capital performers as well—recently gave one of these entertainments at the Cooper Institute, when many peculiarities of the banjo were exhibited which were entirely new to the public. Now we are promised a second concert. Mr. Frank B. Converse, another popular and excellent teacher of the "old Cremona," has been tendered a complimentary benefit, as will be seen by a card in another column, by the leading music publishers of this city, as well as by some of the bright "lights" in the "dark" profession. The affair is to come off on the 29th inst. at Niblo's Saloon, when a host of volunteers will appear. For many years the banjo was considered capable of producing merely accompaniments to the simple negro melodies of the day; that it possessed correct musical modulations, and changes in the different keys, was laughed at by those who had never given it any study. Old Joe Sweeney, we believe, was the first man that ever played a banjo; this was in 1835. After having delighted "the old darks" on plantations down South at corn shocking with his "pickings," he came to this city, and was engaged by Thomas Hamblin, of the old Bowery, to play between the pieces on his banjo. He created the greatest kind of an excitement, and the banjo at once began to come into favor. From that time to the present, some of the most popular Ethiopian performers of the day have made it a great feature. No one has devoted more time to the study of this instrument and to the development of its fine musical qualities than Mr. Converse, who, in his application of correct musical principles, has overcome in a great measure former prejudices to it, until it now ranks with instruments of more pretending merit.

AT THE OLYMPIC, an old play with a new title, "The Streets of New York," has been given during the past week to crowded houses. It is said to be derived from the French, and bears in that language the name of "Le Pauvres de Paris" (The Poor of Paris). It is a drama of the sensation school, and never fails to elicit thunders of applause from the delighted sightseekers. As the plot has been given more than once, there is no necessity to repeat it. Adam Fairweather, a sea captain, is well acted by Mr. J. H. Stoddard. Everything that this artist undertakes is deserving of praise. He seems to throw his whole soul into the part, and forgets for the time that he is merely treading the mimic boards. Paul Fairweather, aged 25, is also well rendered by Mr. Ringold. We never saw much to admire in Mr. R. until we beheld him in the "Rose of Castile," but since that time he has rapidly risen in public estimation. Mark Livingston, a New York gentleman, is made the most that could be made of it by Mr. Berry. Mr. Mortimer, as Tom Badger, is hardly up to his usual standard. Mr. H. Pearson, a new addition to the company, appeared as Puffy, the baker, and displayed his peculiar talents to advantage. Miss Myers and Miss Newton were also good in their respective parts. This kind of play always takes well with the public, and we hope it will be the means of bringing a few bushels of "greenbacks" to the treasury of the Olympic. The fair manageress herself does not appear. No doubt she is busily engaged in the preparation of the new Christmas piece which is shortly to be produced. The Olympic without her is not the Olympic, for we miss her merry laugh and quaint manner of acting. A friend of ours says that her voice is as "sweet as the warblings of the birds who dwell in the deep recesses of the forest and flit on downy pinions to their nests of twigs." Beautiful sentiment, is it not? If the birds "dwell in the deep recesses of the forest," we wonder how he ever heard them. Probably he went up in a balloon and let himself down by a rope. We hope to see Thalia Matilda soon again. Meanwhile let us be contented with the present "bill of fare," and pay an early visit to the Olympic..... Something rich is being prepared for the holidays.

IT IS SELDOM that we have seen such a parcel of nonsense as was served up at Wallack's on Monday evening of last week, under the title of "How She Loves Him." In spite of the wind, which played sad havoc with hoop skirts, and revealed many a pair of trim-ankles to the admiring gaze of bashful youths and cross-grained bachelors, the ladies wended their way towards the theatre at an early hour. The seats were soon occupied by old and young ladies, arrayed in all their winter-finery, who settled themselves down comfortably and awaited patiently the beginning of the play. The cold, bracing air had imparted a crimson tinge to the pallid cheeks of many a fashionable miss, and sent the warm blood bubbling to the pointed noses of maiden aunts. Rouge retired in the background on this occasion and gave its place to nature. The new play is decidedly trashy, and consists of a number of dialogues, jotted together without any artistic merit, and embodying in themselves the groundwork of half a dozen pieces of the same character. Look at the plot of the play and judge for yourselves. Vacil, who is troubled with an impediment in his speech, having been divorced from his wife for some reason originating in the fertile brain of the author, discovers that there is still lingering in his breast some symptoms of the old complaint. Learning that his d-d-d-dashing Isa-bubba-bella is staying at the villa of Sir Richard English, he takes up his abode at an adjoining Sanatorium and consents to be physiced for the sole pleasure of remaining near the object of his affection. Atalanta Cruiser—a sort of she sailor and sporter combined, who has been adopted by the old Baronet—meets Dick Hartley—a young man of brains but not of means. Mrs. Vacil has an interview with Capt. Sawley, a species of muff. The latter seems anxious to propose, and the former seems anxious to have him. Sawley is a bashful man and Mrs. Vacil does not possess the smallest amount of the article. Dick Hartley loves Atalanta Cruiser and Atalanta loves Dick. In comes the Baronet, wheeled along in his chair by an exceedingly impudent Irishman. A good deal of small talk ensues—the old man wants to go back to the house. The servant, who is blessed with the high sounding name of Diogenes, argues with him. Sir Richard tries to knock him over with a cushion, and down comes the curtain on the first act. In the second act, Hartley discovers that Sir Richard is his father, who has abandoned Hartley's mother because he (Sir Richard) believed that he (Hartley) was a child of his wife by somebody else. Dick leaves the house—is finally brought back by Diogenes—has an interview with his father—upbraids him for his treatment of his sainted mother—we mean Hartley's mother—swears that Atalanta must be his and his alone, and not dependent on the old man—and again rushes madly from the house. Mrs. Vacil has another interview with Sawley, but is interrupted by the sudden entrance of her husband through the back-door. Mrs. V. sends Capt. S. on a goose chase and faints in her husband's arms. Capt. Sawley returns and finds her in that situation. S. goes for a glass of water—Mrs. V. very infignant. "Hubby" apologizes to S. for his conduct, and Isabubba-bella accepts the captain for her second husband. The old baronet is wheeled about the stage for a few minutes, and the curtain descends. In the third act, the Baronet is convinced that there is a resemblance between Dick Hartley and himself, and consents to see him in private. Atalanta Cruiser holds communion with her "dear little heart," and gives up all the luxuries of life for the purpose of sharing Dick's lodgings "next story to the sky, sirs." Mr. V. hears of his wife's engagement, and determines to play sick—summons Dr. Minimum, who dooses him in the true homœopathic style—in comes Lady Rafflebicket, who is anxious to dispose of some chance in a parasol and tea cups for the benefit of a poor widow with six children—the poor doctor is forced to take a number of them and deduct the amount from his bill. Lady R. has a bundle of letters which prove the innocence of Sir Richard's wife. Lady R. meets Dick Hartley. Lady R. steals Vacil's meerschaum and decamps. Dick proposes to fling Vacil's shoe after her. Grand tableau of "Throwing the Slipper." In the fourth and last act everything is wound up in a manner which should make the name of Boucicault immortal. Dick Hartley and Sir Richard are reconciled by means of the letters in Lady Rafflebicket's possession. The Baronet never opens the packet, but takes her word for gospel. Lady R. sheds a tear and refuses a note of £5000, which is left on the table to be taken by any one who wants it. Atalanta is promised in marriage to Dick. Four doctors attend Mr. Vacil in his sham illness, and quarrel and fight about their patient. Isa-bubba-bella comes to see Mr. V., and, under the impression that he is dying, declares that she has always loved him. Mr. V. suddenly recovers. In come all the other characters. Capt. Sawley is taken possession of by Lady Rafflebicket, and breaks off his engagement with Mrs. V. In come the four doctors, and Mr. Vacil, advancing towards the foot lights, informs the audience that, having tried Homœopathy, Hydropathy and all the other "pathys," he has found that there is no remedy for his complaint like Love-opathy. Down comes the green curtain. Such is the plot of the play, and we hope that our readers will make something out of it, for we cannot. The tableaux, it will be perceived, are worthy of a master mind. The scenery has been got up without regard to cost. The company did the best they could under the circumstances. We advise those who desire to behold a curiosity, to go and judge for themselves "How she loves him." Now it is quite possible that the outlandish character of this new play will make it a favorite with the peculiar audiences which attend this theatre. The company at Wallack's is such a good one, however, that they make a meritorious performance out of a mediocre play.

NATURAL HISTORY is a study which should be eagerly pursued by both old and young. What a vast field of knowledge does it lay open to us! What an insight does it afford us of the wonderful works of the Creator! Yet, we should not be contented with reading, simply, but should seek every opportunity to test the truth of our author's remarks: "The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are for necessity, not for flexure." To behold an elephant on paper is nothing, but to behold him in all the grandeur of his being is a sight which never fails to be attractive. It is only when we see his unwieldy form, his enormous feet, his trunk so strangely adapted to every want, and his highly polished tusks, that we can form some idea of the dangers encountered by the hunters who make his capture the sole object and aim of their lives. We are led imperceptibly to think of his native wilds in which he roamed as free as air, of the manœuvrings of the trained elephants, and of his final seizure and submission to the will of man. This animal, so large and yet so beautifully made, is possessed of more brains than is commonly allotted to the brute creation. "To whom do lions cast their gentle looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their den," but you will find that they will smile grimly upon you from behind their bars if you visit Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie, and you will find, also, that the keeper "talks as familiarly of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs." At this great moral exhibition the king of beasts may be seen in all his glory. We wish it to be distinctly understood that by the word "lion," we mean the real imported article, and not the fashionable specimen which, arrayed in black pants, dress coat, "patent-leathers," white vest, immaculate tie, turn-down collar, English whiskers and white kids, may be found at all the parties and balls during the winter months. Numerous additions have lately been made to the Menagerie, and among them will be found two Rhamaphoor bloodhounds. They are savage-looking "canines," and are evidently such hounds as would "make the welkin answer them, and fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth." The lover of natural history should read up carefully on one animal, and then, seeking the Menagerie, he should fix his eyes on that animal alone. He should then read about some other animal, and pay another visit, and by keeping on in this way he will find that the study grows more and more entertaining every day. We have rarely seen such a large collection of beasts and birds as are now on exhibition at 539 and 541 Broadway. In former days these halls were devoted to the concert saloon business. In former days pretty waiter-girls with red, pouting lips and trim ankles, bore the hot drinks on little black trays to the thirsty multitude. In former days many a manly arm glided around some fairy waist, and, whilst love flashed from eye to eye, the contents of many a young man's wallet was given to the fair Hebe by his side. The melodeon, with its hard wooden settees and its stifling atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, is now among the things that were, and lions roar where once was heard the jingling of glasses. Manager Frost, who seems intent on pleasing the children as well as their fathers and mothers, has secured the services of Signor Victor, a most wonderful monkey from Italy. This creature, like all other creatures of the same kind, is covered with hair, but, unlike all other creatures of the same kind, he is an accomplished musician and comedian. He can fence like Crichton and dance like Taglioni. Fathers and mothers, take your offspring, and let their young hearts be gladdened by a sight of Signor Victor.

MR. ROBERT BUTLER'S COMBINATION TROUPE at 444 Broadway, composed as it is of the most artistic performers in the profession, is as popular as ever with the public. The company at present engaged consists of James Wambold, Charley White, Charley Fox, J. S. Maffitt, Messrs. Penney and Goldie, W. H. Bartholomew, Dick Ralph, Johnny Wild, Billy Simpson, Mons. Grossi, Frank Lacy, Misses Florence Wells, Mary Gorenflo, Lizzie Schultze, Millie Flora, Annie and Lottie La Point, Mary Blake Emma Ross, Lizzie Whelpley, Julia Melville, Jennie Lorraine, Amelia Gorenflo and Blanche Stanley. All the above named artists appear each evening in an uninterrupted entertainment of over four hours. In the Ethiopian department, Charley White and James Wambold take the lead, and are great favorites with the public. The ballet, under the direction of Mons. Grossi, with Lizzie Schultze as the principal coryphee, is one of the features of this establishment. The ladies are all very clever terpsichorean artists, and some of them are *first class* solo dancers. Messrs. Penney and Goldie, two very good gymnast artists, appear in their feats on the horizontal bar, and exhibit much skill in their performances. A farce or a pantomime concludes the evening's entertainment. Messrs. Maffitt and Bartholomew are two capital pantomimists and farce performers, and provoke much laughter. Mr. Bartholomew is also a good representative of old men. Lizzie Schultze plays the female characters in the afterpieces, and is clever in almost everything she attempts. Business is always excellent at this house, and "444" is acknowledged to be one of the most popular places of amusement in this country.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP sailed for New Orleans last week. She will give concerts in that city, and will also visit Havana and other West India Islands prior to her return to New York next spring.

A GRAND ROW took place on Monday evening, 12th inst., at the New Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery. It appears that the manager, during the engagement of Bandmann, has converted a number of the parquet seats into reserved seats for these performances. The *habitues* of the theatre, believing, however, that this was an encroachment upon their rights, as no previous notice had been given, at an early hour took possession of the parquet seats and refused to leave them. All remonstrances were in vain, and as the ushers were unable to preserve order, a section of police was sent for, who made two arrests, and amid the most intense excitement drove the unlawful occupants of the seats away. After a considerable delay, the performance was commenced, and passed off without further trouble.

THE BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS-BLOWERS, having received and accepted the splendid offer of twelve thousand dollars (12,000) for one year's services from P. T. Barnum, brought their season at Hope Chapel to a close on the 17th inst., and commence at the Museum on the 21st inst.

ON THE OCCASION of the 100th representation, by John E. Owens, of his great character of Solon Shingle, at the Broadway Theatre, on Thursday evening next, each and every person purchasing a secured seat for that night's performance will be presented with a photograph of Mr. Owens in the character of Solon Shingle.

THE NEW BOWERY, as a general rule, goes in for giving a person the worth of his money. Sometimes three and sometimes as many as five pieces are produced of an evening. The interest of the spectators never flags, and we sincerely think that if the performance was kept up until daylight the next morning some people would be found willing to sit it out. The New Bowery is all that it should be. Manager Lingard engages good talent, and novelty after novelty is produced in rapid succession. Old, young, large and small, fat and lean, crowd his theatre almost nightly, and fill the parquet and galleries, whilst the late comers have to form themselves into a standing committee. The company at present engaged gives satisfaction, to judge by the applause they receive. We call particular attention to a charming piece entitled "That Black Bag," and advise one and all to go and see it wherever played. Those who desire to pass a pleasant evening should visit the New Bowery.

THOSE WHO DWELL in palatial mansions of brown stone, and whose sole amusement consists in listening to the warblings of Carozzi Zucchi, can form no idea of an audience at the Old Bowery Theatre. The frequenters of this Drury of America are said to be excellent critics. They hardly ever smile or applaud without the piece is worthy of their approbation. An actor who has passed through the ordeal of the Bowery boards, and been received with expressions of delight, may be set down as a well-tried and able actor. There was a time when the poor "supes" were greeted with showers of pea-nuts and unwholesome eggs, but that barbarous custom is now among the things that were. At the Bowery, the "Seven Escapes" has succeeded in drawing very full houses. The manager himself appears as Patoche, and is always warmly greeted by his friends and admirers. One of the chief attractions, however, and one which seldom fails to draw, is Miss Fanny Herring. Her acting is so closely allied to nature that we are often in doubt whether we are looking at a play or whether the events are actually occurring. Success attend Manager FOX, and may his career be as bright as the sign which adorns the front of "Old Drury." An unusually good bill is offered this week.

IT MUST have been a pretty sight to witness Thomas and his splendid army walking into Hood and his followers before Nashville. But a much prettier sight can be witnessed every day at Barnum's Museum, where you can see a splendid army of bright-eyed beauties walking into the great curiosity shop of the imperturbable Phineas, with no one to make them afraid. A very appropriate panorama for the holidays has just been added to the attractions at this establishment; it represents Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput, of which we have all read in the days of auld lang syne..... In the dramatic temple connected with the Museum, "Deborah," "Linda de Chamouni," "Buckle of Brilliants," and the "People's Lawyer," will be presented this week..... A great spectacle for the holidays is being arranged. There will be an immense rush to this place during the festive season.

SIX FOREIGN RECRUITS, each bearing a large size, white family umbrella, made their appearance on Broadway, last week, and attracted no small share of public notice. It was one of Hingston's notions, for on each "umbril" was an advertisement about ye show of Artemus Ward. The thing accomplished two purposes—first, it covered the Hibernian gentlemen, and protected them from the "sullen gale" and snow, and uncovered the showman's designs. Let us live while we live.

MRS. METHVA SCHELLER has returned from Philadelphia, where she has, during the last week, performed at the Vestvali Lund Theatre, with great success. On Wednesday, the 21st, she appears at the New Stadt Theatre as Louise Muller, in "Love and Intrigue," and, on the 23d, takes a benefit at that establishment. "Othello" will be the performance, and Mr. Chas. Pope has volunteered for the occasion to play the part of Othello in German. This is an event of extraordinary interest for the Germans as well as for the Americans. An American actor on the German stage is an event which, to our recollection, has not happened before, here in New York.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted by Messrs. Conner & Lea, dramatic agents for a theatre in this city, now open. See advertisement.

PAUL DESPOTTE, although no *despot*, is king of theatrical wigmakers, and is a perfect artist in the hair line. If, dear reader, you have no "capillary attachment" where the hair ought to grow, you can get them of M. Despotte, no matter whether you prefer your locks of an auburn hue or jet black—as curly as a pig's tail or straight as a B line. His address will be found in his poetical and prosaic advertisement in another column.

A CERTAIN POET once remarked that what he gave away was *nothing* to nobody. Now, what the Jewellers' Association give away is *something* to everybody, as can be seen by wending your way, dear reader, to their office for the sale of tickets for the concerts on Broadway, and there you will find many a man made supremely happy by having received, in addition to his ticket for a first-class concert, a piano, castor, watch chain, or some other article worth from $10 to even double what you invested. It's a great institution is that same Jewellers' Association. Invest your dollar and draw a prize.

ARTEMUS WARD and his Mormon friends leave us this week. "Arty", has been so successful in this city that he cannot stand it any longer, and therefore brings his season to a close on the 24th inst. Seriously speaking, Artemus, not expecting such a continued success in this city, had secured halls in other cities, and is compelled to close here and fulfil his contracts. He promises to return again very soon, when he will appear in a hall of his own, and with another pictorial entertainment, now in the hands of artists and fast approaching completion.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS were listened to last week by good houses. Johnny Booker was added to the company and made a favorable impression. The Campbellites are making great preparations for the holidays.

M. VERBECKER, the gymnast, who has been "about leaving" for Havana, Cuba, the past month, positively sails on the 27th inst., to join Chiarini's Circus.

MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL, the popular *danseuse* and tight rope artist, commences a two weeks' star engagement this evening at the New Bowery Theatre.

AT THE VARIETIES, business has improved very much, which goes to show that the right man is in the right place. Manager Lea has taken hold of this establishment in good earnest, and with a will to make it succeed. M. John Denier puts in an appearance this evening in his zampillaerostation act. Thompson and Kerns, Ethiopian performers, and Jenny Engel, are becoming great favorites on the east side of the town.

Dramatic.

"THEATRICALS in New Orleans," says a correspondent, "have taken quite a start lately, business being rather lively among the player folks." The St. Charles, opening with Kate Vance in 'Mazeppa,' bade fair to gain her old position, somewhat lost by being closed so long, but the Fates willed it otherwise; for, owing to Miss Vance meeting with an accident at rehearsal, her engagement was brought to a close abruptly, and Wm. Derr came to the rescue in 'Rookwood,' 'Dick Durpin,' etc. The opportune arrival of the Cuban Sylph, Marie Zoe, has enabled the managers to present several of their scenic pieces, to the satisfaction of the *habitues*—Zoe's "French Spy," however, gaining, by her celebrated sword-combat, the best houses, so far. Of the stock at the Old Drury, with one or two exceptions, the least said the better..... The Varieties still holds its own, with Barton Hill and Mrs. J. H. Allen in their favorite parts—'Dead Heart,' 'Ticket-of-Leave-Man,' 'American Cousin,' etc. The 'Dead Heart' has drawn well, and is on the boards for some nights longer..... Of the Academy of Music, I can only reiterate the verdict of its patrons, viz'ly, that it is all it claims to be, as far as variety is concerned. Collins, the Cure, Wentworth, contortionist, and Maud Stanley, balladist, have appeared since the opening—filling up the void heretofore felt. Collins still holds his own among the best of them, Wentworth ditto, while of Maud Stanley I can only say that she is a fitting rival for the fair Eva Brent in the hearts of the audience. Eva, by her modest manner and artistic skill, enchains the ear of the musical critic, while Maud, by her simple and home-like ballads, brings to the hearts of her hearers the feelings of innocent days long gone..... The long-looked for opening night of the Canterbury, under the management of J. H. Woods, occurred on Saturday, Nov. 26th. Although the greater portion of the company had not arrived, yet, at the solicitations of many of his friends, the manager concluded to open, and did so, to a house densely packed, not even standing-room being obtainable after the overture. The hall is an addition to our music-galleries, stands on St. Charles street, opposite Union street, and is capable of seating 1,000, although, on the night of opening, 1,437 tickets were sold and taken at the door. I cannot say that I am of the opinion of the friends of the manager who persuaded him to open before his company had all arrived, as I believe it has injured the place, competing, as it does, with the Academy."

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, Dec. 14, the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was crowded in every part, on the occasion of a benefit given to Mr. Flood, a member of the company, but who, from serious illness, will probably not be able to appear upon the stage again. The benefit was a free offering of the profession in Philadelphia to a brother-artist; every theatre in the city, together with minstrel and other organizations, being ably represented; the various managers and companies did all in their power to make the affair a complete success, and place in the hands of the *beneficiaire* a goodly sum as the result of their labors. The morning was dull and lowery, and if was feared that the inclemency of the weather would materially interfere with the financial success of the enterprise; but, by noon, the clouds began to disappear, the sun to shine forth, and, by the time the curtain went up in the opening scene, there was a dense crowd in attendance, including many theatrical and other celebrities. Mr. Forrest was present, also Mrs. John Drew, who were the observed of many observers (to deviate from the quotation a little). We are gratified in being able to state that those who volunteered their services, fulfilled their promises in every particular; the performances were of a very meritorious character—the entire entertainment being one of the most interesting we ever witnessed; this is saying a great deal for an afternoon performance, but nothing more than the facts warrant. The trial-scene from the "Merchant of Venice" was exceedingly well-tried, the Shylock of Mr. McCullough being especially noticeable. The screen-scene, from the "School for Scandal," was also well played, while the burlesque on "Richard III.", with Sam Hemple and Stuart Robson in the principal *roles*, afforded much amusement. Effie Germon sang a ballad and Jules Stratton gave the "Marseillaise" in a spirited manner. In fact, everything passed off pleasantly, and the heart of the *beneficiaire* has been made glad.

OF CHICAGO THEATRICALS, our correspondent, "Alpha," writing on the 12th inst., says: "The drama is in a very flourishing condition at present in Chicago. Both theatres are doing a splendid business, and the amusement-loving community appear to be highly delighted with the bills of fare which are nightly prepared for their enjoyment. At Col. Wood's Theatre, during the past week, the performances were of a varied character and have embraced the dramas of 'The Magic Marriage,' 'Still Waters Run Deep,' 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady,' the 'Love Chase,' and 'Othello,' all of which have attracted large and appreciative audiences. Shakespeare's masterpiece was selected by Mr. Frank E. Aiken, the 'leading-man' of the establishment, for his benefit, on the evening of Friday, Dec. 9th. Mr. Aiken is one of the greatest favorites that ever appeared on the Chicago boards, and is, at the same time, one of the most rising of young actors on the American stage. He is possessed of a rich, powerful and pleasingly modulated voice, an admirable stage presence, and at all times avoids that inclination to rant and tear a 'passion to tatters,' which many young actors are liable to consider genuine acting. The citizens of Chicago testified the appreciation in which they hold Mr. Aiken, both in his private and professional capacity, by filling the house to overflowing. This tragedy was a grand success, and was most rapturously received. Mr. Aiken, as the Moor, was most careful in the delivery of all his speeches, and, at the termination of each, the audience manifested their appreciation of his fine elocutionary powers by rounds of applause. Mrs. L. B. Perrin was admirable as Emilia, and, in her scene with Othello and Iago, she was cheered to the echo. Miss May Howard essayed the part of Desdemona, and succeeded well with it. Mr. John Little appeared as Iago, and actually astonished the audience by his fine conception of the character of the subtle Venetian. Mr. Bradley as Brabantio, and Mr. McManus as Cassio, were excellent, while the other parts were respectably filled. When the curtain fell, Mr. Aiken received a most enthusiastic call before it, and, as

A. Vincent were the stars last week. The "French Spy" was performed on the 17th, with Mollie as the Spy. Mr. J. F. Pike and Ida Francis were underlined for a benefit on the 20th inst. "Waiting for the Verdict" is announced for early production.

THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., has thus far proved very successful. "Fanchon" was produced last week, Miss Alfy Shippendale sustaining the part of the Cricket. A correspondent says:—"I think Miss Alfy one of the best performers at the Griswold; she is good in anything she undertakes. Herndon and Everett as the Twin Brothers, were perfectly at home, as was also Mr. Delmer as Father Barbeaud. Miss Jennie Anderson as Old Fadet was good. On Saturday, the 17th, the 'Robbers' was performed, with Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stetson in the principal parts. On Monday, Dec. 19th, we have the 'Lone House on the Bridge'.....Charley Shay gave one show here to a very middling house last week. The show is a very good one .....Mons. Nichols is still stopping in town."

MISS HELEN WESTERN commenced an engagement at the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, on the 12th inst., appearing in the protean character in "Satan in Paris." She has also appeared as Don Cæsar de Bazan, Cynthia, the Zingara, and Thisbe, with popular approbation, her few excellencies being recognized to the exclusion of her many faults .... Mrs. D. P. Bowers will commence a two weeks' engagement at this house on the 26th.....The latest local theatrical gossip is the recent marriage of Mr. J. W. Carroll, the "heavy" gent of the establishment, with Miss Jennie S. Melville, the leading lady; also, Mr. Charles Rosene to Miss Emma Brockhart, of the "utility." So writes "Thespian."

MR. L. P. BARRETT commenced an engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on December 12th, and during the week played in the "Lady of Lyons," "Money," "Othello," "Hamlet," and Enoch Arden in "Under the Palm," the new drama from Tennyson's Poems, written by Messrs. McDonnough and Maeder. Although the acting merited better patronage than that of the week previous, the houses were far from being as good. This is the first time Mr. Barrett has acted in Brooklyn since he appeared at the Academy with Miss. Lucille Western in East Lynne. He has apparently improved very much since then. "Under the Palm" drew a good house on Saturday last, and is very well placed upon the stage. The "Naiad Queen" is on the bills for Christmas.

DON GIOVANNI was the opera presented on the fourth night of the series of subscription performances at the Brooklyn Academy, and though the night was unfavorable, the attendance was very good, the house being about two-thirds full. The opera was not only cut, but the presentation, in scenic effects and stage appointments, was far inferior to the New York representation, the last scene being a miserable failure. The vocal performances as far as Kellogg, Morensi and Bellini were concerned, were very good, and attracted considerable applause, but Susini's "Leporello" was but a mediocre performance, it being out of his line altogether.

MR. AND MRS. WM. GOMERSALL can be engaged for six or twelve nights after the holidays, through their agents, Messrs. Conner and Lea. 'Waiting for the Verdict" is one of their specialities.

EDWIN ADAMS took a benefit on the 19th inst., at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, appearing as Richard. He remains this week, and produces the thrilling play of the "Dead Heart," which has been gotten up by Mr. McVicker at great expense.

THE BONIFACE & NEWTON ALLIANCE closed at Lexington on the 17th, and are at Cairo, Ill., this week.

THE THEATRES IN THE QUAKER CITY are spoken of as follows by our correspondent "Lucifer":—At the Arch St. Theatre Mr. John S. Clarke still continues his engagement with undiminished success. On Monday, Dec. 12th, the comedy entitled "The Knights of the Round Table" was produced, with Clarke as Tom Tittler, and was played nearly all the week. Mr. Clarke, as Tittler, was as amusing as ever, and pleased an immense audience. Mr. Carden played Darcy, the villain, with a total disregard to English grammar, notwithstanding which he seemed to please. Mr. Marlowe as the Captain of the Knights, and Mr. Craig as Sir Ralf Bootle, together with Mr. Griffith, who had but a small part, were excellent. Miss Jefferson as Tim Tittler's sweetheart, was admirable; and Miss Graham as Perdita met with a warm reception. In connection with the "Knights of the Round Table," Mr. Clarke appeared as Jack Humphries in "Turning the Tables," decidedly the best character he performs. "Everybody's Friend," "Jonathan Bradford," etc., were also given last week; and on Monday, Dec. 19th, Mr. Clarke begins a week of sterling comedies, opening with Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and Toby Twinkle in "All that Glitters is not Gold." "The Poor Gentleman," "Leap Year," "The School of Reform," and "Speed the Plough" will help to fill up the week....."Othello" was presented on the 12th and 13th inst. at the Academy of Music, with Edwin Forrest as the Moor, Miss Gray as Desdemona, Mad. Ponisi as Emilia, and John McCullough as Iago. On Thursday and Friday evenings, Forrest appeared as Richelieu." The houses at the Academy during the last week have not been quite so full as usual, owing to the near approach of the Christmas holidays. On Monday, Dec. 19, Forrest appears as Macbeth, and on Tuesday as Richard the III..... Mr. George Hood announces the preparation of the superb floral representation of "The Coronation of the Rose," in which two hundred young ladies and children will participate. These representations will be given as matinees during Christmas week. .....At the Walnut "Cynthia" was presented on the 12th inst., Lucille Western continuing her engagement, and appearing as the flower girl. On the 13th Miss Western appeared as the Indian Huntress, a part made so famous by the impassioned acting of Mad. Celeste, was exceedingly good, in fact, the best character in which I have seen her, not excepting her specialty of Lady Isabel in the everlasting "East Lynne." On the 14th Miss Western appeared in "Camille" to a large audience. "East Lynne" was given on Friday evening, and "Green Bushes" was repeated, together with "Ireland as It Was" for a Saturday night's bill. Miss Western appears as Leah on the 19th..... At the Chestnut Street Theatre, "Jessie Brown," with Miss Germon as Jessie, held the boards of this theatre all last week and drew large audiences. 'Laugh when you Can,' in which Lewis Baker performed Geo. Gossamore admirably, was played throughout the week in connection with 'Jessie Brown,' except on Saturday, when 'Luke the Laborer' was substituted, in order to give Frank Mordaunt a chance to display his admirable acting as Luke. On Monday evening, Dec. 19th, the 'Octoroon' will be performed. Mordaunt, in his inimitable character of McClosky, Walter Lennox as Salem Scudder, and Mrs. Sophie Gimber Kuhn (her first appearance this season) in her favorite character of Zoe.....Miss Effie Germon, on account of some trouble with the management, has left the Chestnut. Miss Germon, during her stay in Philadelphia, has become a great favorite. For the Christmas holidays 'Aladdin' is to be reproduced..... On Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 30th and 31st, Anna D'Arcy will appear at this theatre, as Julia in the 'Hunchback,' and Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons.' These are the only nights this lady will appear in Philadelphia, and her many old friends and admirers will be anxious to see her in such favorite parts."

MR. WM MESTAYER will notice a card in another column from Messrs Conner & Lea.

MR. GEO. VANDENHOFF was to give a dramatic reading at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 19th inst.

MAGGIE MITCHELL had a succession of crowded houses at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, last week. "Fanchon" was the only piece produced. She remains the present week, and was to bring out "The Pearl of Savoy" on the 19th inst.

THE BINGHAMPTON (N. Y.) THEATRE will open on or about the 1st of Jan. A full dramatic company and orchestra is wanted for this establishment by Messrs. Conner & Lea. See advertisement in another column.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH continues to be the star this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

THE WARREN COMBINATION drew excellent houses to the Boston theatre last week. "The Heir at Law," "Babes in the Wood," "Poor Gentleman," "She Stoops to Conquer" were produced, and for Wm. Warren's benefit, on the 16th, the "Serious Family" and "Paul Pry" attracted a big house. The new act drop, painted by Russell Smith, of Philadelphia, at a cost of $1500, was unfolded for the first time on Monday, 12th inst.

AT THE FRONT-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, the engagement of McKean Buchanan and daughter was brought suddenly to a close, on the 13th inst., and the week was filled by Frank Drew. On the 19th, a complimentary benefit to Manager Geo. Kunkel was to come off. "Aline, the Rose of Killarney," and the "Happy Man" were the pieces selected. Frank Drew was to appear as Davy in the first piece, and Geo. C. Charles as Paddy in the afterpiece. Mr. Kunkel was to sing one of his favorite ballads.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, were in Louisville, Ky., week before last, and did a big biz; their five nights' receipts, we are informed, ran a trifle less than $2,000, notwithstanding that a scrub-party played the four nights previous to their opening, in the same hall, on the Newcomb party's bills. We clip the following from the *Louisville Press:* "The Newcomb Troupe of Minstrels closed their engagement in the Masonic Temple last night. During their stay in this city they have been crowned with success. There is no doubt that the Newcomb Minstrels are the most gentlemanly and accomplished negro delineators on the American boards. We commend them to the public wherever they may go, and hope they may be as liberally patronized as they have been during their short stay in our city. Call again soon."

THE BLAKE & MALLORY Minstrel Troupe gave a series of six performances at Jones' Hall, Jamestown, N. Y., commencing on the 12th inst. On the 20th inst., they were to appear at Titusville for one month, and they expect to alternate between there and Oil City during the winter. Their success, so far, has been of the most flattering kind—full houses being the rule. The company is a talented one, and includes the Misses Augusta Blake, Maggie Nichols and Cora Chase, and Messrs. Dan Shelby, Charles Mallory, Jim Riley, Frank Wild, Professors Davenport and Cole, and Master Johnny Blake. J. W. Mallory is the proprietor, and W. Blake business manager. Their programme is a good one, and includes the most popular songs, acts and dances of the day.

CHARLEY LEWIS, Ethiopian comedian and pantomimist, died at the residence of his father-in-law in Portage Lake, Wis., on Nov. 28th, of consumption, after an illness of five months. He had at different periods been connected with several Minstrel bands. He was stage manager of the Gayety Theatre, Albany, N.Y., when opened as a music hall; also the Bowery, St. Louis, and the National, Memphis, Tenn.

J. G. H. SHOREY and FRANK WYANT are requested to send their address to Charley Shay, as will be seen in an advertisement elsewhere.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS were at Buffalo four days last week, commencing on the 14th.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were billed to appear at Tiffin, Ohio, on the 20th inst.

BLAKE & MALLORY'S MINSTRELS, consisting of Chas. M. Mallory, Miles O'Riley, Miss Augusta Blake, M'lle Cora Chase, Miss Emma Wadsworth, Charley Petrie, Master Johnny, J. W. Wadsworth, Wm. Foot, Jr., J. L. Davenport and Frank Wild, have been meeting with success at Titusville, Ohio, for twelve nights. On the 12th, they appeared at Jamestown for one week, and were then to return to Titusville for four weeks more, commencing on the 19th inst.

"CINDERELLA" is to be the holiday pantomime at Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia.

ONE OF THE FIRST BOOKS we ever learned to read was a history—just to think of history for one so young—the wonderful history of Jack and His Beanstalk, and well do we remember the avidity with which we perused the contents of that highly entertaining little book. This week the story is to be played by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, in Philadelphia, as a grand fairy pantomime, and it is just the idea for the holidays. The cast is as thus:—Swallowallup, the Giant, E. N. Slocum; Happy-Go-Lucky, afterwards Clown, Robert Fraser; Mr. Uppercrust, afterwards Pantaloon, E. F. Dixey; Jack of the Beanstalk, afterwards Harlequin, C. Gibbens; Rosina, afterwards Columbine, Charles Villiers; Magician, J. A. Palmer; Barley, a Farmer, Charles Stevens; Mike Ten Babies, a Nurse, J. Rudolph. The scene ends with the Land of big beans. It's full of fun, and will have a run.

THAT TOUCHING SKETCH called the "Long Lost Brother" is on the bills at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia. It depicts the temptations, trials, and other vicissitudes of a gentleman in distress, and his return towards the arms of his brother after a lapse of fifteen thousand years. The cast includes E. Bowers as the Long Lost, and Frank Moran as Bob Brierly. They give a very funny show at this house.

A YOUTH of seventeen years of age is ambitious to become a negro comedian, and advertises for a tutor in another column. We presume nothing will be lost by giving Winn a chance.

GOMERSAL'S ORIGINAL GIRAFFE DANCE, now at Buckley's Minstrel Hall, Boston, can be secured by managers, together with Gomersal's farce of "Blondin on the Low Rope," through his agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea.

AN ENTIRELY NEW PIECE, called "Jones' Baby, or Beware of Coney Island," is produced at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, this week. Mr J. A. Herman, the popular balladist, takes a benefit on the 21st.

Music Halls.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, with the variety company under the stage management of Mons. La Thorne, is doing, says a correspondent, a big business. He adds: "Miss Kate Pennoyer has left the troupe. She was a favorite from the start. Miss Maud Stanley, vocalist, is quietly gaining a place in popular favor. She is a remarkably smart singer. Collins, the Cure, made a hit, and is one of the attractions of the Academy. Bob Hart is a great favorite. This company leave here for Havana in about six weeks."

AT THE DETROIT VARIETIES, Frank Wood, Ethiopian comedian, commenced an engagement last week. The drummer girl Louise is one of the features of this hall; also, Kate Partington, Mr. Geo. R. Edeson, and Miss Marion Edeson are underlined to appear on the 22d inst.

THE VARIETIES, Cairo, Ill., under the management of Dick McGowan, is nightly growing in popular favor. On the 12th inst., Miss Mary Warren, vocalist and danseuse, Mollie St. Clair, vocalist, John Bigs, "The Cure," Rose La Forrest, Little Alice, Mrs. J. R. Berry, Corcoran, McCollum, Berry, D. W. Griffith, Mast. Willie Campbell, and Brownell, put in an appearance.

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC, Washington, is now in the full tide of success. This week, Kathleen O'Neil, the Irish vocalist, commences an engagement. Tim Hayes is also among the new arrivals. The company consists of Hughy Dougherty, Barry Carter, Billy Boyd, Billy Worrel, M'lle Margetto, *danseuse*, Mons. Antonio and *corps de ballet*. Messrs. Fox, Curran & Norris are just the men to make a place pay.

A TRIAL JIG for a silver goblet was to come off on Dec. 17th, at Harmonia Hall, Cairo, Ill., between C. Moore and C. V. Swears.

THE BEN COTTON AND BERT DIFFICULTY was settled in the San Francisco courts on Nov. 19th. Ben Cotton was allowed to withdraw his demurrer in the case of Bert vs. Cotton, and judgment was rendered for the plaintiff, Bert, by default. Cotton, it will be remembered, was enjoined by Mr. Bert, on account of breach of contract, from performing elsewhere in that city than at the New Idea, and the above would show that he has succumbed. We observe that Cotton intends to leave the state. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it is the best thing he can do. A man who will not only not respect the rights of others, but while receiving a salary of $125 a week is at the same time endeavoring to injure, in a business way, the party from whom he receives it, should expect no consideration from the community. "Fair play is a jewel" is a good motto for every one, showmen included.

SAM LONG, clown and comic singer, joins hands all round at the Casino, Philadelphia, this week. Billy Boyd is also there, together with Miss Ada Tesman, W. Sparks, strong man, Add Weaver, Morcste, Julia Marsh, etc....."Jack and the Beanstalk" is to be produced on the 24th as a holiday spectacle.

MISS NELLIE HUNTLEY showed last week at Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, and made a good impression; she looked pretty, dressed gorgeously, and took well. Annie Rush also came out in new rig, after going one eye on Nellie, and looked and sang charmingly. Geo. W. Murray, Ethiopian comedian, is one of the new-comers, and Billy Holmes, comic singer, is another.

KITTY O'NEIL, the popular vocalist, has been secured by Fox, Curran & Norris, for the Oxford, Washington.

MESSRS. ACASTRI, NIXON & Co. have fitted up Phœnix Hall, St. Joseph, Mo., and opened it with a variety troupe, consisting of Mr. & Mrs. Sam. Harrison, F. K. Wallace, D. Little, Johnny Mack, J. M. Colton, C. Gilbert and H. Bodine.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, gave the usual variety of performances last week, consisting of singing, dancing, burlesque, etc. Mr. Fitz Simmons is the stage manager and business agent for this establishment. Johnny Hart, Master Morrissey, Ben Wheeler, Wm. J. Thompson and his trained dogs, Tom Vance, Mrs. Frank Drew and others are in the company.

JAS. WARD commences at the Canterbury, Baltimore, this week.

Circuses.

MESSRS. GARDNER AND HEMMINGS, the well known circus proprietors, offer their stud of performing horses for hire to parties who may wish them for dramatic spectacles or arenic performances. Their advertisement will be found in another column.

IT'S ALL CIRCUS, is a familiar saying with the lovers of sawdust. This was exemplified on Saturday morning, the 17th inst., in Philadelphia, by Mr. Sam Stickney, the well-known clown, performing at Mrs. Warner's Circus in Philadelphia, and Miss Ida Sherwood, daughter of Charley Sherwood, performing at the same establishment. Having a sneaking desire to perform together for their own especial benefit, they hastened off, got a ring, (not such a one as they had always been used to), went to Sam Miller's Hotel, and bright and early that morning were made one and indivisible. Let Sam play the fool no more, after such a bold act. At last accounts husband and wife were doing well.

A SPANISH CLOWN and Equestrians are wanted by Messrs. Connor & Lea, for Orrin and Sebastian's Circus *corps*, now in the West Indies.

Miscellaneous.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, under the agencyship of D. G. Waldron, appeared at Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 17th. At Buffalo they were very successful, as will be seen by an extract which we clip from the *Daily Courier* of that city:—"The Alleghanians.—This ancient and venerable band of Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers performed to a very fine audience at St. James Hall last night, and delighted all who heard them. The vocal corps is composed of Mr. J. M. Boulard, Mr. G. Galloway, Miss Carrie Hiffert and Miss Amy Jenner, and is one of the very best that travels. Miss Hiffert's voice is one of great compass and vigor, and her rendering of 'The Orange Girl' and the Spanish song 'La Flor de la Canela,' was sweet and spirited. In the duet 'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,' sung with Miss Jenner, and the duets of 'Liking and Loving,' and 'You Know,' sung with Miss Jenner and Mr. Galloway, respectively, she made herself a decided favorite, and no less can be said of the others who sang with her. Mr. Galloway proved himself to be a comic singer of real merit, and Mr. Boulard was the same fine singer that we have known him to be for years. The handling of the Swiss Bells was as delicate, graceful and tuneful as of yore, and the entertainment altogether was a delightful one. We are pleased to note that the receipts of their two concerts amounted to over eight hundred dollars."

MRS. W. STEVENSON (Laura Honey) gave a concert at St. John, N. B., on the 7th inst., assisted by the Choral Union and Orpheon Club.

A NEW HALL has just been finished at Conneaut, Ohio, and the Alleghanians dedicated it on the 15th inst.

PROF KARL KARR'S PRESTIDIGITATORIAL SOIREES in aid of the Sanitary Commission in the West have been successful.

SOMERBY'S CONSOLIDATION show, with Dick Sands, the Snow Brothers, Levantin Brothers, as stars, opened at the Opera House, Buffalo, Dec. 12th, for one week.

BICKEL HALL, Dayton, O., has been recently put through a course of thorough ornamentation and renovation, and is now in ship-shape order for theatrical and operatic performances, as well as for concerts and lectures. It is announced as to be rented in Henry Miller's advertisement in another column.

LIVE CURIOSITIES for an animal show are wanted. For address, etc., see advertisement elsewhere in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

SMITH AND NIXON'S NEW MUSIC HALL, corner of Clark and Washington streets, Chicago, was to be opened on the 19th inst., with a grand operatic performance under the direction of Signor Muzio, and upon this occasion Gottschalk was to make his farewell appearance previous to his departure for Havana and Mexico. Messrs. Smith and Nixon have set out with the fixed idea of making this in every respect a perfect hall and auditorium, and have resolved to discard balls, fairs, and similar amusements from their engagement book, and will devote their hall to the purposes for which it has been so happily designed, and for which, above all others, its superior acoustic properties render it best adapted. Built on the ground floor, with splendid, spacious entrances and exits upon three streets; with the floor gradually rising in every direction from the stage; furnished with roomy and cane-bottomed arm-chairs; the most thorough and approved means of ventilation adopted; the stage nestling in an arched semi-elliptical alcove that will reflect the faintest whisper to the farthest extremities of the room; the corners of the room and ceiling rounded and arched, without a moulding on the wall to interfere with the perfect transmission of sound—this hall will no sooner be opened to the public than it will be at once accepted as the embodiment of all that a perfect audience room should be. One year ago, this hall was one of the most spacious billiard rooms in the country. In its design and completion, good sense, as well as the most consummate taste has been shown. It is neat, chaste, simple: a fit temple in which to offer acceptable incense to the goddess of song. Though not so roomy as some, it will comfortably seat a fine audience, and the sweet flow of music, vocal or instrumental, will have to suffer from none of that "jarring recoil" so peculiar to other and larger buildings. The idea here elaborated and perfected reflects the highest credit on both projectors and builders.

JOHN W. WHISTON, the well known humorist, is, we are reliably informed, doing a big business on the Central R.R. route. He intends eating his Christmas beef and making his New Year's Calls among the denizens of the various cities on the noble Hudson, from whence he will make a detour eastward, and give his New England friends an opportunity to witness his funny and laughter-provoking performances. Whiston seldom "goes it alone" when his partner, A. B. Palmer, "assists." They seldom get euchred, or allow any opposition to prevent them making "a march," as strangely enough, their agent, Harry Butler, always has "the lead."

JACKSON HALL, Jackson, Mich., is ready for occupancy by travelling dramatic companies, minstrel parties, and other entertainments. The hall has a good stage, a complete set of scenery, and footlights, with gas. It has seating capacity for 600 people, and is said to be one of the best halls in the West. See advertisement in another column.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS are singing in the principal towns and cities of York State. Georgie Dean Spaulding, the harp player, and Emma J. Nichols, the pleasing balladist, are with the party. Their route is as follows: Saratoga, 23d and 24th; Albany, 26th; Troy, 27th, 28th, and 29th; Schenectady, 30th; and so on through the West.

THEODON'S ART EXHIBITION was at Nashua, N.H., on the 16th inst, and was to remain six nights.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX of Paradise Lost commences a series of entertainments at St. James's Hall, Buffalo, on the 21st inst.

THE VANDEMAR COMBINATION TROUPE, with Prof. W. B. Vandemar, thaumaturgist, are now laying up in Chicago, preparing for their winter trip, after a brief season South. Miss Maude Montella, comic vocalist and danseuse, and Frank Taylor, violinist, have joined the company at Chicago. W. H. Harris still holds the position as manager, and J. R. Wood as advertising agent. Their future route is Racine, Wis., Dec. 19th; Janesville, 20th and 21st; Madison, 22d, 23d, and 24th. From thence to La Crosse and the interior towns of Minnesota.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP lately sent out an agent through the West, announcing that she would make a concert tour before her departure for Europe. She has abandoned the idea and dismissed the agent, who is intensely disgusted, and expresses himself thus in a note to the Troy *Times:*

"Indecision is a prominent trait in the character of Madame Anna Bishop, and she never displayed it more fully than when, after I had 'laid out' a route and written to forty or fifty newspapers (your own included), she concluded to do no more in this country, and dispensed with my services at once. No more 'first class concert' people for me."

THE TWELLOMY HARMONISTS, a quartette composed of three ladies and one gentleman, now resident at Montreal, C. E., will be open for engagements after January 15th. For address see R. Newton's advertisement in another column.

THE PANORAMA OF SCOTLAND, not yet exhibited, in conjunction with four vocalists—three ladies and one gentleman—can be engaged through R. Newton. See advertisement.

JOHN C. RIVERS' necromantic dance is a regular "hop-light-looer," they say. The right to hop it can be obtained by addressing according to advertisement in another column.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE are at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., all this week.

Amateur.

THE ST. JOHN (N. B.) DRAMATIC CLUB gave two entertainments on the 29th and 30th of Nov. A correspondent says: "They opened with the last acts of the 'Corsican Brothers.' Mr. P. Nannary personated Fabian Dei Franchi. The singing, by the Cecilian Glee Club, of Carleton, was really splendid; Mr. D. McCaffery was *encored* repeatedly. The performance concluded with the new farce, entitled "D'ye Know me Now?" for the first time in St. John. The club intend giving performances through the winter."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

AN AMUSING SCENE occurred lately at the theatre in Rouen. A note was thrown on the stage, and upon the manager refusing to read it, two young men sprung from the parquet, seized the director, and compelled him to read the note. It substantially begged the management to discharge an actress who had, during the previous fifty years, played the *role* of young women and lovers. The writer thought that the people had been constant enough during the fifty years, but that they were not married to the lady! A long and prolonged scene of laughter followed the reading of the note, as well as the ridiculous situation.

MISS BATEMAN commences an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on Jan. 2d.

MISS CHARLOTTE WYETTE, the American actress, is performing "Mazeppa" at the Pavilion Theatre, London.

MIRANDA, well-known in this country as a clever tenor singer, is now singing in the provincial towns of England.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
Commence at 7½ o'clock.

LE BAL MASQUE,
JOHNNY SCHMOKER,
ROUND THE HORN,
MILLER AND HIS MEN,
THE RACES,
DEAF AS A POST,
FOREIGN RELATIONS,
&c., &c., &c.,
BY
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
DECEMBER 26TH, A GRAND MATINEE.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 34

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,
Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music. Begins 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, and every evening during the week. GRAND MATINEE on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
SECOND WEEK OF THE UNRIVALLED EQUESTRIENNE,
MADAME LOUISE TOURNIAIRE,
the greatest living exponent of the "Haute Ecole" of Manege, and Barebacked Horsemanship, who will appear with her celebrated Manege Horses at every performance in her Lessons of Central Park Equestrianism, which afford instruction and delight to the fashionable world of New York.
Second week of Mons. VERRECKE.
YOUNG STICKNEY, the Brilliant Rider.
MARIETTA ZANFRETTA, the Queen of the Tight Rope.
LE PETITE GIORGIA in his great Act with FRANCOIS SIEGRIST.
NEW GRAND ENTREE OF STAR RIDERS, GRAND LEAPING ACTS, THREE DOUBLE SOMERSAULT THROWERS, and all the Star Artists.
NOTICE.—The new grand Christmas Pantomime of HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD, which has been months in progress, will be produced with New Scenery, Dresses, Decorations, and Magical Tricks and Transformations, on MONDAY, Dec. 26.

ARTEMUS WARD
AT
DODWORTH HALL,
806 BROADWAY, opposite Eleventh street.
88th to 94th NIGHTS.
HIS PICTURES, MUSIC AND STORY
illustrative of
LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS,
and the
SCENERY AND PEOPLE OF UTAH.
Every Evening at 8. Doors open at 7½.
☞ SECOND MATINEE
BY A. WARD,
WEDNESDAY NEXT, Dec. 26th, at 3 P. M.
The doors will be open at 2 P. M.
☞ REMEMBER THE MATINEE
ON WEDNESDAY. 37

TO MANAGERS.—MR. A. S. REMINGTON, the CHAMPION BONE PLAYER, is open for an engagement in New York, Chicago, or St. Louis. Apply to JAS. S. WIBERT & CO., 512 Broadway. 37-1t*

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Doors open at 7.....Commencing at 7½
GREAT SUCCESS
of the Local Sensational Drama, in
FIVE TABLEAUX AND A PROLOGUE,
By DION BOUCICAULT, Esq.,
entitled THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,
received nightly with the greatest enthusiasm by crowded houses.
The great Tableaux—THE FIRE AND UNION SQUARE,
(By Hayes),
universally acknowledged as the most perfect
PRESENTED ON THE STAGE.
New Music by THOMAS BAKER; New Machinery, Appointments and powerful cast, including Messrs. J. K. Mortimer, J. H. Stoddard, E. Lamb, Harry Pearson, C. T. Parsloe, Jr., T. J. Hind, B. T. Ringold, T. B. Berry, Mrs. Vining, Miss Eliza Newton, Miss Louisa Myers and Miss Mowbray.
Prologue—THE FRAUDULENT BANKER
Tableau First—THE HOME OF THE POOR.
Tableau Second—UNION SQUARE IN A SNOW-STORM—AT NIGHT.
Tableau Third—TENEMENT HOUSE IN BAXTER STREET.
Tableau Fourth—THE FIRE.
Tableau Fifth—THE HOME OF THE RICH. 37

WINTER GARDEN,
EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.
EDWIN BOOTH
AS
HAMLET.
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
the great sensation of the season,
BOOTH'S HAMLET.
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
Doors open at 6½.
Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 37

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
MONDAY, DEC. 19th, 1864,
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE
by the great and original artistes,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
First time for many months of
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS
in her famous and unequalled representation of
THE YANKEE GAL.
First time this season of the beautiful legendary Irish Drama,
THE FAIRY CIRCLE.
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....CON O'CAROLAN
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....MOLESHEE
To conclude with the laughable comedietta of
THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY; or, YANKEE HELP.
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....the Yankee Help MELISSA
WITH A YANKEE SONG.
Both pieces cast with the full strength of the company, Messrs. J. Nunan, J. W. Collier, George Becks, J. G. Burnett, J. W. Blaisdell, E. B. Holmes, H. Danvers, Barry, &c.; Misses Isabella Freeman, Mary Wells, Skerrett, Burke, &c.
FRIDAY—BENEFIT OF MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
Seats secured Six Days in advance. 37

BROADWAY THEATRE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
First appearance of the renowned Comedian,
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
in Kenney's very laughable two act Comedy,
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.
BILLY LACKADAY.....Mr. JOHN E. OWENS,
with the celebrated comic ditty,
"BILLY LACKADAY'S LAMENT."
97th, 98th, and 99th consecutive nights of
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, Dec. 22, 1864,
GRAND GALA ENTERTAINMENT,
in commemoration of the 100th NIGHT OF SOLON SHINGLE.
As a memento of this extraordinary triumph, every purchaser of reserved seats for the occasion will be presented at the Box Office with A SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPH, by Gurney & Son, of
MR. JOHN E. OWENS as SOLON SHINGLE.
Box Book for the "Solon Shingle Festival" now open.
In rehearsal, a great comic
CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.
A LIVE INDIAN IS COMING. 37

NEW STADT THEATRE.
45 and 47 BOWERY.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23,
THE GREAT DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON.
First appearance of the American Actor,
MR. CHARLES POPE,
who has kindly volunteered to appear for the
BENEFIT
OF
MRS. METHUA-SCHELLER,
in his great character of
OTHELLO,
IN GERMAN.
The tragedy will be produced with a powerful cast.
MRS. METHUA-SCHELLER.....as.....Desdemona
MR. OTTO HORN.....as.....Iago
Reserved seats can be secured four days in advance at the Box-office of the Theatre. 37

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CONTINUED EXCITEMENT.
NO EBB TO THE TIDE OF SUCCESS.
WEEK OF UNRIVALLED NOVELTIES.
MORNING AT 11,
A MAGNIFICENT MOVING PANORAMA
2000 feet long, elaborately representing
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS IN LILLIPUT.
O-KE-NA-WA-KAS TRIBE OF INDIANS
in their habits, customs, &c.
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS AT 3
DEBORAH;
OR, A JEWISH MAIDEN'S WRONGS.
EVENINGS, AT 7½,
LINDA DE CHAMOUNI.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS,
BUCKLE OF BRILLIANTS.
W. B. HARRISON.....in.....COMIC SONGS
TONY DENIER.....in.....COMIC DANCES
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
THREE FAT GIRLS, WEIGHING ONE TON; THREE GIANTS, TWO DWARFS, ALBINO BOY, GRAND AQUARIA, FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, LIVING OTTERS, KANGAROOS, PORCUPINES AND A MILLION OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.
MONDAY, DEC. 26TH, WILL BE PRODUCED A GRAND HOLIDAY SPECTACULAR ROMANCE.

THE CONVERSE TESTIMONIAL
NEW YORK, December 9th, 1864.
FRANK B. CONVERSE, ESQ.:—
Fully appreciating the successful efforts you have made to elevate the standard of the Banjo and its music to a position ranking favorably with other musical instruments, a result wholly due to your individual exertions, we most earnestly desire to express our appreciation of your merits, and would be pleased to tender you a Complimentary Testimonial, at any time and place you may mention.
Yours, sir, respectfully,
WM. A. POND & CO., HENRY WOOD,
WM. HALL & SON, J. W. LINGARD,
S. T. GORDON, JOHN E. OWENS,
HORACE WATERS, R. M. HOOLEY,
DAN BRYANT, FRANK LESLIE,
NEIL BRYANT, "FIGARO,"
ARTEMUS WARD, "MACARONE,"
A. H. DAVENPORT, M. C. CAMPBELL,
And others.
NEW YORK, Dec. 10th, 1864.
W. A. POND & CO., WM. HALL & SON, AND OTHERS:—
GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, tendering me a "Complimentary Testimonial," and in reply would propose NIBLO'S SALOON as an appropriate place, and THURSDAY, DEC. 29th, as the evening. I shall be most happy to be the recipient of your proffered kindness, promising you that this mark of your esteem shall prove a greater incentive to renewed exertions on my part to elevate the character and position of the Banjo and its music.
I remain yours respectfully,
FRANK B. CONVERSE.
37

TO DRAMATIC AND EQUESTRIAN MANAGERS.—The celebrated Stud of PERFORMING HORSES of Messrs. GARDNER, HEMMINGS & CO., which are considered the finest and most wonderfully trained in this country, are at present disengaged. Any Dramatic or Equestrian Manager desirous of producing any grand spectacle for the stage or arena, would do well to secure their services, and as the holidays are approaching, this opportunity should not pass. Any communication addressed to the above, at No. 1132 Cuthbert street, Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention. 37-4t

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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VARIETY MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
COMMERCIAL AVENUE BETWEEN 11th and 12th STREETS,
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This new and beautiful Temple of Amusement is now open to the public and in the full tide of success. The company already comprises forty star performers. The hall is nightly thronged with the elite and fashion of the city, and hundreds of persons are turned away, being unable to gain admission to this already popular and beautiful place of amusement.

PERFORMERS of acknowledged ability can always secure good and permanent engagements by addressing
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Communicate at Syracuse, N. Y., till January 2d, 1865. 36-2t*

WANTED---by a competent person, a situation in some first class Minstrel Party or Concert Hall: Business—End Bones, Pathetic Ballad, Song and Dance, and General Performer. For further particulars please address, GEORGE HANLON, Clipper office. 36-3t*

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TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELSY
AND THE PROFESSION GENERALLY.
BEWARE OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

The Board of Aldermen (without souls and unfit to live) has recently passed an ordinance requiring all Minstrel Troupes to pay a City Licence of the enormous and unreasonable sum of fifteen dollars per night. We appeared in that village on the 5th and 7th inst., and we had to pay the extraordinary amount of thirty dollars for the two evenings. All troupes or exhibitions of any kind visiting that place hereafter will be imposed on in the like manner. Therefore, beware of Toledo, unless you wish to get robbed of your greenbacks. If the village authorities insist and continue to charge such thieving high licences as this, they will make themselves and Toledo as famous for meanness as Steubenville Village, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana.

The above article is published for the benefit of the profession generally. Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
36-4t* Manager of Duprez & Green's Minstrels.

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M. SELAK, PROPRIETOR.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
TALENT (MALE AND FEMALE)
Engaged at good Salaries.
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WANTED.---A Magic Lantern---Views, &c. Send full particulars, Box 412, Watertown, N. Y. 34-4t*

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The acknowledged
GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
COMBINATION OF STAR ARTISTS,
whose professional abilities have been acknowledged by the press and the public in all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES IN AMERICA,
who appear nightly in a
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
comprising BEAUTIFUL BALLETS, BURLESQUES, ETHIOPIAN ACTS, COMIC VOCALISM, PANTOMIMES, CLOG DANCING, GYMNASTIC, GEMS OF THE OPERA, MINSTRELSY, ETC., ETC.

GOOD PERFORMERS can always have good salaries by addressing as above E. MYERS, Business Manager.
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COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
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the model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
ETHIOPIAN STARS,
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THIS MAMMOTH CORPS
OF
DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states,
COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
SEPT. 25TH, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Manager...CHAS. H. DUPREZ | Musical Director....C. A. Boyd
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MASTER.
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WILLIAMS will RENT the above Theatre, with Scenery and Properties, by the night, week, month, or longer, to travelling Dramatic, Operatic, Minstrel, and other troupes. For terms, address MISS MARY McWILLIAMS,
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A. MONTPELIER.....Proprietor and Manager.
Ladies, Vocalists, and Dansenses always wanted. Apply as above. 36-3m

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MME. CARLOTTA POZZONI, the Eminent SO-
PRANO, assisted by Mr. E. M. POWERS, Tenor, open at Louisville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 8th, for six nights; Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa, Jan. 2d, 1865, for two weeks; New Opera House, Columbus, Jan. 16th, for two weeks. Managers wishing to engage these talented artists will address
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For location, see Dramatic summary, weekly. All communications upon business must be addressed HARRY WALL,
26-tf Agent.

MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to en-
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ALLINSON & HINCKEN.....Proprietors.
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35-3m*

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This beautiful place of amusement, by far the largest and best Music Hall in Canada, will be opened for the Winter Season on the 12th December, 1864, with a large and efficient Company. The entertainments presented will comprise Drama, Farce, Negro Eccentricities, Singing, Dancing, etc., etc. Good Performers desiring Engagements, may address, stating terms, IN GOLD, and line of business, post-paid, WM. RICHARDSON, Lessee, or A. W. CHURCH, Manager, Canterbury Hall, Hamilton, C. W. 35-4t*

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EMMA WINTHROP, the celebrated Comic Vocalist and Comedienne, and Mr. WM. SPARKS, in acts of Light and Heavy Balancing, Cannon Ball performances and feats of strength, in which he challenges the world, are now open for engagements. Address 728 Bayard street, Philadelphia. 35-3t*

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ACTOR, PANTOMIMIST, and MONKEY DELINEATOR, and his unrivalled trained Dogs, "Jupiter" and "Sirius," who has just concluded a successful engagement at Cairo and St. Louis, and is now playing to crowded houses in Springfield, Ill., will be open for star engagements after Dec. 21st. Managers wishing to negotiate will please address T. CONY, care of Ed. Berry, 34-3m* Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, Mo.

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22 TALENTED VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS, AND DELINEATORS OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDY.
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Directors.....FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS.

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ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS, and INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.

The Management beg to inform the public and profession generally that the highest order of talent, and that which is of the most cultivated nature, meets with its due mead of appreciation at this house, the audiences being of the most refined class, giving an opportunity for those artists who have hitherto held themselves aloof from this branch of the business to embark in it with safety. Applications to be made as above. 34-tf

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